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THE VIOLET'S WHISPER.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Think of the flow'rets culled for thee
In perfumed vest of deepest blue,
Though many a blossom thou may'st see
Of prouder raien and gayer hue.

Recall the eyes which sought thy own
Through the bright dews of falling tears;
The color from our leaves is flown,
Their sapphire heaven still fair appears.

Oh! though thy lips have breathed "farewell,"
And Time hath bid our charms depart,
Let tender thoughts and memories dwell,
Like deathless violets in thy heart.

WON BY WEALTH.

A Tale of a Wedding-Ring.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. DALE sat in his room; on the table before him lay pamphlets, papers, reports, all of which he had been resolutely studying. But from each page a lovely face looked at him.

"Paul, Paul, I am Ismay — your wife," sounded ever in his ears.

He studied hard; he tried to drown the voice; but there was the face and there was the voice. He had been haunted all night by both.

"It is my own fault," he said to himself. "I went to that ball purposely to see her—I thought to satisfy the hunger of my heart, to still the fever of my longing, by looking once more on her face, and it has been the worst thing I could have done. How dares she to think I could forgive her? Forgive such a wrong as that! No; not if I were a peasant and she were a princess!"

He turned again to his books, but the lovely face seemed to shine on the small page.

The morning sun came bright and warm into the room; there was a fragrance of mignonette and heliotrope which brought the garden at Ashburnham back freshly to his mind. He laid down his pen with a sigh of despair.

"How am I to work," he said, "if I am troubled in this way?"

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," announced the servant. "She would not give her name, but said her business was very important."

"Show her in here," he said. "It is about some subscription, or charity I suppose."

He looked once more at his book, to note the page, and when he raised his eyes again he saw Ismay standing near him — Ismay, his beautiful wife, once so beloved. The morning sunbeams fell upon her lovely face on her swinging dress, on the mass of golden brown hair, on the white hands so tightly clasped. She looked at him eagerly.

"Paul!" she cried. "You are Paul; neither your changed name nor your changed position can deceive me. You are Paul — my husband."

She went up to him with an eager step—she knelt at his feet and raised her face to his.

"Speak one word to me," she said. "I am Ismay: and, oh, Paul, I am come to pray you to pardon me—to implore you to take me back—to tell you how grieved I am, how sorry for my sin."

The words died on her lips in a passion of tears. The stern pride and coldness of his face frightened her. He drew away from the touch of the white jewelled hands.

"I have no wife," he said. "The woman I loved with my whole soul, who promised me her truth and faith, deserted me. I have no wife."

Her voice was broken with sobs as she answered him.

"I know it was wrong—cruelly, wickedly wrong—but I was tempted, and I fell. Oh, Paul, be merciful to me! I was so young, so vain, so weak. Forgive me, and take me back."

She might have seen how terrible was the struggle—great drops stood upon his forehead, his whole frame trembled.

"You ask me to take you back. Why? Tell me why."

"Because I love you—because it seems to me that my soul has been in a long sleep. It has awakened and knows no rest. My heart cries for you—I love you. Take me back, Paul."

"You were happy enough for many years without me," he said.

"No, I was not happy—I was intoxicated with vanity. I was engrossed in pleasure—I was given up heart and soul to the world. I never stopped to think—I never dared to do so—I have lived as in a dream. I have awakened from that dream, and I am here, kneeling at your feet, praying you to pardon me."

"Do you remember that you robbed me of my son," he asked—"that you took him from me, and never thought of my claim to his love as well as your own?"

She bowed her head, while the tears rained from her eyes.

"I am guilty," she said — "oh, so guilty, Paul! I pray you forgive me and take me back."

"You feel that you will not be happy again unless I do so, Ismay?"

"Never!" she replied.

"Then listen to me. The hour of my vengeance has come at last. What I suffered when you left me, only Heaven knows. The agony of death cannot equal the agony of outraged love and despair. I will not tell you of all my pain lest you should pity me, and I will have none of your pity; but in my anguish I swore that I would take vengeance.

"Now the time has come when I can keep my vow—when I can send you from my feet—when I can refuse your prayer, and tell you that never, never more shall you be wife of mine!"

She bowed her head with a deep, bitter sob, and then she raised her arms and tried to clasp them faithfully round his neck. But he drew back and caught her hands in his; he would take no caress from her. He held her hands so tightly that he left great red marks upon them.

"Women — weak, vain, light of purpose, light of love — what do you know of the depths of a man's heart? What do you know of the force of his passion, the strength of his love? Weak, frail, easily led, ready to sell your dearest and best to the first bidder, you think you can play with a man's heart as children play with a ball! You think that you may lay a man's life in ruin—blight it, drive him mad with despair—and then win him back with a smile and a caress!"

She raised her beautiful white face to his; her quivering lips could hardly utter a sound.

"I own that I am guilty; I make no excuse. I pray you pardon me. You loved me so dearly once, Paul; for that love's sake forgive me now."

He then raised his head with a warning gesture.

"Do not raise an evil spirit within me," he cried—"do not, if you are wise, remind me of that love!"

His voice was harsh, his manner stern.

"You are so changed," she sobbed; "you are so altered."

"Who has changed me? Who turned my strong, bright, glad young life into living death? Who changed love into hate? Whose fault is it that for long years I have been ready to curse my fate and die?"

"I will try to make amends," she pleaded. "Oh, Paul, forgive me! I will be so humble so good. I am not the same—my soul is awake. I care no more for anything on earth but you."

"It is too late," he returned. "Years ago no wifely love, no pity pleaded for me; no voice in your heart asked mercy for the man whom you were dooming to a living death. And my only fault was loving you!"

"Love me again," she said; "try me again. If I could die to undo my fault, I would."

"Listen to me. If by my refusal I broke your heart and mine, I would still refuse. You yielded to vanity, I yield to pride. I will not take back to my heart and my home the woman who deserted me because I could not minister to her vanity. You left me because I was poor; I am rich now, and I refuse to take you back."

She shrank shuddering as though he had struck her a sudden blow.

"You refuse?" she repeated.

"Yes, absolutely. I never wish to see your false face or listen to your false voice again."

The beautiful face drooped until it was hidden from his eyes. He rose from his chair, every limb trembling; he could not have borne the sight of it another moment.

"You have sought this interview," he said, trying to speak calmly; "let it end. Do not say I have a hard heart—you broke my heart years ago. I bid you farewell."

He heard her cry to Heaven to have mercy on her—he saw her fall with her face to the ground. He stood for a moment half hesitating.

"If I speak to her again—if I touch her—I am lost," he cried, and then he left the room and summoned his housekeeper.

"There is a lady in the library — she is ill," he said. "Be very kind to her. When she is better, sent for a cab; she will want to go home."

And he himself left the house lest any cry of hers should reach him and he should go back to her.

"I have had my revenge," he said to himself; "but never yet did vengeance cost so dear."

* * * * * *

Lord Carlswood looked up in dismay. He had been dining out, and Mrs. Waldron had given orders that she was not at home to any one.

He was pleased to find her alone; the dinner had fatigued him, and he was glad of the prospect of a quiet evening. He had drawn his chair to the window, making some careless remark to her about the warmth and beauty of the night. There was no reply, and the old lord thought she had not heard him. After a time he spoke to her again, and again there came no reply. She was standing by the open window, her face hidden from him.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

Then she turned to him, and her face frightened him, it was so white, with colorless lips and shadowed eyes—the face of one who had received a mortal blow; she seemed almost unconscious of his presence, unable to understand his words. He was shocked and terrified—he went to her and took both her hands in his.

"Ismay," he said, "what is the matter, my dear child?"

The eyes she raised to his were dazed and heavy with grief.

"What has happened to you?" he cried. "You look so ill, you frighten me; you look as though you were dying. What is the matter?"

"I have seen Paul," she replied, and the tone of her voice was so changed, so hoarse, so altered that he did not know it. "I have seen Paul," she repeated, "and I asked him to take me back because I love him so — because I am so guilty, so wretched — and he would not. He said I had broken his heart years ago, and the thought is killing me."

The white face drooped — her hands fell nervously — the words died away on her colorless lips, and the next minute Ismay Waldron, the beautiful woman, the unhappy wife, lay white and senseless at the old man's feet.

He moaned as he bent over her.

"I have killed her!" he said. "She is the victim, not of her vanity, but of my pride. I have slain her!"

Some hours afterwards Lord Carlswood sat by Ismay's bedside. A grave-faced doctor was there, and he looked as though he had no very favorable verdict to give. Ismay lay quite unconscious. No word that was uttered fell on her ears.

"You say," repeated the old lord, "that she has had some great shock?"

"Yes," was the grave reply, "this illness comes from the mind, not the body; there has been a strain upon the mind, and that, followed by a shock, has been too much for a not over-strong brain."

Lord Carlswood looked at him.

"She is in danger, you think?"

"She lies in the very shadow of death," said the doctor; "human skill can avail her but very little."

Days passed, and the shadow of death did not pass from the house. It seemed to those who watched Ismay so anxiously that she was conscious at times, but even then she lay with closed eyes, heedless of everything and every one around her.

A fortnight had elapsed, and one evening she looked at the nurse who stood by her bedside.

"Will you tell Lord Carlswood I want him?" she said; and the old lord hastened to obey the call.

"Are we quite alone?" she asked. "I want to speak to you."

He kissed the worn face, he held fondly in his own the thin, white hands.

"My darling what can I do for you?" he asked.

She raised her large, mournful eyes to his face.

"Grandfather," she said, "I have not long to live."

He would have interrupted her, but she held up her hand for silence.

"I have never been what people call religious," she said; "but I am going to die. I shall have to face the great Judge. What shall I answer about my duty as a wife?"

The old lord looked distressed; he tried to soothe her.

"You will soon get better, Ismay; do not despair."

"But some time or other I must die. What am I to say? You tempted me—what shall I say?"

The words smote him like a sharp-edged sword. Were this death and fear of judgment the result of what he had done, the consequence of his sin? The mournful eyes, the faltering voice, the frightened face filled him with dismay.

"Do you wish it all undone, Ismay?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, faintly. "I would give my life to undo it; but it is too late — Paul says so."

She was too weak for tears, but the anguish of her face frightened him.

"I went to ask him to take me back; I would willingly have been poor with him. But he is rich now. He would not take me back; and it is killing me. I am afraid to die—my life has been so empty, my sin so great."

Then she fell back faint and exhausted. He rose in alarm to call for help; but she caught his hand.

"Tell me before you go—you tempted me — you are old and wise — tell me, what answer shall I give in extenuation of my sin?"

"May Heaven pardon me!" said the old man. "I do not know."

He could not bear it; he gave one more

look at the closed eyes and the white face, and then hastily quitted the room. Those words haunted and frightened him—"You tempted me. What shall I say?"

For the first time he thought of this affair under its religious aspect; he thought of the sin. Hitherto it had seemed to him a proper thing to do, to mark his disapprobation of unequal marriages, to keep up the prestige of his family honor and name: now since Ismay's words had frightened him, he saw things in quite another light.

Those whom Heaven had joined together he had put asunder. He had tempted a young girl to be false to her vows, to break her troth, to desert her husband; he had robbed an innocent man of his wife and child, he had caused unutterable sorrow and done immeasurable wrong.

What excuse could he offer? The reasons that had once seemed all sufficient to him now appeared weak and worthless. He too was afraid, and wished the deed undone.

"I might have adopted the child, and have left husband and wife together," he thought.

"I have done wrong. For a Carlswood to acknowledge that means that he must frankly own it and atone for it. I, who prided myself on my long descent, on my unblemished honor, on my stainless name—I must go to this man and ask his forgiveness."

He went again to Ismay, and from her learned where Paul was.

His wonder was great at finding in the new member, the gifted orator, the "man of the people," Paul Waldron, his grandchild's husband.

He dared not wait to express his surprise. She was in great danger, and he believed that her husband's presence would save her.

Her life seemed ebbing fast. Heaven help him if he should be too late!

Once more Paul was disturbed at his books, this time it was by the unexpected announcement of "Lord Carlswood." He had heard nothing of his wife's illness. He had resolved upon leaving England after that interview—he could not look upon her face again.

He rose from his seat when he heard the name, and stood ready to receive his visitor.

At last they stood face to face, the injurer and the injured, the proud peer and the proud commoner.

Paul saw a stately figure bent before him, a grand old face quivering with emotion and pale with dread.

In his courtly, high-bred fashion, Lord Carlswood held out his hand.

"I have done you a grievous wrong, sir," he said, "and I am here to ask your pardon." Lord Carlswood was gazing into a face as proud as his own.

"I have no pardon to give, Lord Carlswood," was the haughty reply. "It is too late to ask it."

"You must not refuse me," said the old nobleman.

"Years ago, Lord Carlswood, you tempted from me my wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved a woman before; you took from me my child; you laid my life bare and desolate; you robbed me of every hope. For such wrongs I have no pardon."

The old man bent his head with a humility rare in him.

"I did wrong, sir. I did not think so at the time; I see it now. I did a grievous wrong. I am an old man, and I ask you to forgive me."

"You ask an impossibility," was the stern reply.

"I come of a proud race," continued the old man; "no man springing from it ever bent his knee in supplication to his fellowman. I do it to you."

Paul half turned away; he saw tears gathering in the old nobleman's eyes.

"I shall look upon myself as an assassin unless you give me your pardon," he continued. "It was I who wronged you, not Ismay your wife. I tempted her—I studied every foible, every weakness of her character.

"I lured her away from you, and it is not just that she should bear the blame."

Paul stood in silence for a few minutes and then he said:

"I do not understand your motive for asking my pardon.

Lord Carlswood looked at him in surprise.

"You did not know that she was ill! Ismay is dying, sir! I am sure, sure, if you would go to her, if you would speak kindly to her, she would live—she would get better. You must not refuse me. For the love of Heaven, come and visit her!"

"Ismay dying!" repeated Paul, interrupting the passionate words.

"Come with me; if she dies, I shall feel that I have killed her;" and Paul looking, saw that the old man's eyes were full of tears.

"In the presence of death," he said, kindly, "all human love and hate disappears. I will go with you."

"And you forgive me?" said the low voice.

There was a short struggle, and then Paul laid his hand on the trembling arm. "I forgive you," he said; and they left the house together.

* * * * * *

Gently and noiselessly they went up the broad staircase that led to Ismay's room. They passed the marble statues that gleamed palely between the costly hangings, the rare pictures that adorned the walls.

Paul, looking on the magnificent display, thought to himself, "It was for this she deserted me, and sold my love."

Then the bitterness died out of his heart. She was dying, and he was going to her to forgive her.

Lord Carlswood pointed to the door of her room.

"You had better go in alone," he said, and Paul, turning the handle, quietly went in.

He never forgot the scene. The bright sunshine came in, softened and subdued through the shade of the rose-colored blinds the room itself was magnificently furnished—every luxury, every comfort was there; the sunbeams fell on the bed with its low hangings, and on the white, worn beautiful face that seemed to bear the very impress of death.

The nurse left the room as Paul entered it, and he knelt by the bedside.

Ismay had fallen into a restless troubled sleep, and as he watched her all the burning anger, the bitter vengeance cherished through so many long years, died away.

He forgot the present, he forgot the agony of those ten years—he remembered only the beautiful girl he had wooed and won—the lovely young wife he had worshiped; he thought of all her bright graceful ways; and now she lay dying, they said.

She was so young when they tempted her away, and they had tempted her through her love of all that was beautiful and luxurious.

She had not left him for another—she had never given one thought to any other; frail and feeble as her love was, she had given it all to him.

And now she lay dying—never to give her love to any one again.

Was it true, as she said, that her woman's soul was only but just awakened. It might be.

"And in the awakening she turned to me," he said—"no one else but me."

What she must have suffered to be brought so near death because he would not forgive her?

How she must have loved him after all! Her whole heart must have yearned for him.

Was it not through love of him that she lay dying? As he thought of that, the last remnant of pride and anger died out of his heart.

How she must have loved him! He remembered that and nothing else. He bent down and kissed the thin white hand.

When he raised his face she was looking at him—the sad, sweet eyes were fixed on his face. She did not seem surprised to see him.

"Paul," she whispered. "Am I dreaming?"

"My darling," he said, gently, clasping her in his arms, "you are not dreaming. I am here to love you, to win you back to life and to make you so happy that we shall both forget the wretched past."

He raised her, and the beautiful wan face drooped on his breast. She tried to put her arms round his neck, but they fell weak and helpless by her side.

"Put my arms round your neck, darling," she whispered; "and, if I have to die, let me die so."

Tears were raining down his cheeks—her weakness touched him as her beauty never could have done.

"You shall not die, sweet," he said, "if the strength of a mighty love can bring you back to life."

Then, kneeling by her side, holding her tightly clasped in his arms, he told her the story of his love and his sorrow—of his life since he had lost her.

She was happy as a lost child restored to its mother's arms.

"How strong love is!" she whispered to him. "I feel that while you love me so dearly I cannot die."

He soothed her with the long-silent music of loving words, until the sweet eyes grew heavy, and then she said:

"Paul, you will not leave me if I sleep? Let me wake and find you here."

Waking, she found him there, and his love did for her what the doctor had said human skill could not do—it brought her back to life.

Once, as Paul was sitting talking to her she held her left hand up to him with a smile. It was thin and shadowy.

"Look," she said; "my ring is getting too large for me."

He kissed the white hand and the gold ring. She smiled.

"Paul," she said, gently, "who would think there was such a story attached to my wedding-ring?"

* * * * * *

Ismay recovered, and when she was once more herself Lord Carlswood declared that he would interfere no more, that she should accompany her husband to his home, yet still be acknowledged as his granddaughter.

By that time he had grown to have a sincere affection and a warm true liking for Paul.

He admired his talents and respected his independence.

They made a compromise. Ismay went to her husband, and Lionel remained with Lord Carlswood as his heir. Paul says laughingly that he can spare one son, for the old walls of Ravensdale resound with childish laughter and the music of children's voices.

There are times when Ismay is inclined to think that all happened for the best.

"I should never have been a sensible or a contented woman if I had not suffered," she would say to her husband, with a smile. There are tears in her eyes and smiles on her lips when she tells the story of her wedding-ring.

[THE END]

"I WISH to ask the Court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

The King's Wedding

BY WILSON BENNOR.

PRETTY AMALIE stood amid the clustering vines of her father's vineyard, watching eagerly for her lover's coming.

Above her arched a sky of that vivid blue peculiar to a climate where cold is almost unknown.

A step in the distance—another—and Amalie sprang forward with a glad welcome in her bright eyes to meet Pierre.

Another moment she was in his arms.

"My darling," he said softly, "I have such happy tidings for you. I have been advanced by the master to be foreman of the shop, and now we can be married at once, for I shall have good enough wages paid me to set up a home of our own."

Amalie drew a deep breath.

"Ah, Pierre, it is too good to believe."

"But here are the papers, signed and complete," answered Pierre, flourishing triumphantly a document which he drew from his pocket.

Amalie could neither read nor write; but she touched the cabalistic letters upon the agreement with a wondering, tender look in her eyes which made Pierre laugh aloud.

"Ah, little one, take care," he said, playfully, "the figures might burn."

Amalie's red lips curled into a pout.

"It is wrong to make fun of me, Pierre. It is not strange that you know so much more than can be put into a woman's brain."

Pierre kissed away the momentary chagrin, then he said, seriously:

"Now, my own, we must arrange everything before we part to-night. The years which have gone by since we were promised to one another have not seemed so long as the days will now, until all the preliminaries are over, and we are man and wife."

"Are married people always happier than lovers, Pierre?" asked Amalie, thoughtfully.

"If so, why do the women often grow to have such sour careworn looks? You know Cecile, the shopkeeper's wife, how happy and handsome she looked upon her wedding-day, and now she's as withered and cross-looking as—as an old witch."

"It depends a little upon one's husband, I hope you don't think I am like Cecile's old shopkeeper. He's rich, but that's all you can say in his favor."

Amalie laughed merrily, and patted Pierre's brown cheek with her dimpled fingers.

"You need not think to get a compliment from me, Pierre. Every one knows that you and he are as much alike as two peas in one pod."

"Amalie, have you thought that the festivities for the king's marriage are to come off next week? Let us have things in trim to go and celebrate our marriage-day by looking at the fireworks. Think of it! The same things which are to show the joy of a royal pair, shall tell the same story to our hearts."

Amalie's eyes shone like stars at the thought.

She said, softly:

"Yes, Pierre, we will go and take part in the beautiful queen's celebration, and we will make a return to her by asking the good God to bless her and her royal husband, at the same time we pray to Him for ourselves."

"That is a good thought, my own; for the prayers of the humble are of as much account to the Great Father as are those raised from the precincts of a throne."

The royal marriage celebration which was referred to by Pierre and Amalie, was in honor of the nuptials of Louis XVI., and the lovely young Austrian princess, Marie Antoinette.

Huge scaffolds were in course of erection, upon which elaborate fireworks were to be set off; and the people looked forward to that portion of the gay spectacle with eager expectance, and without thought of danger.

Early in the day Pierre called for Amalie.

She was dressed in bridal white, and wore around her neck a chain which had been her mother's.

This, and a cluster of flowers, was all that contrasted with the purity of her costume.

Pierre looked uncommonly well in his best suit, with his curly black hair and bright dark eyes, and look of intense happiness.

Many eyes were turned admiringly towards the young couple as they joined the throng of pedestrians journeying towards the great city.

It had been a day of pure enjoyment.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," whispered Amalie to Pierre. "One day like this is worth a life-time of common days. It is like being in heaven."

"I am glad you feel so," said Pierre, "for it is our wedding-day, you know; and one should have something to single it out from amongst all the rest."

The spectacle was as magnificent as it had promised to be.

Suddenly a blaze was seen darting swiftly along one of the stagings.

Then a cry of dismay rose from the assembled multitudes, for the fire had reached a mass of rockets which had been laid in an indiscriminate heap awaiting arrangment.

It was plain to the most inexperienced eye that a terrible catastrophe was impending.

A hoarse undertone arose, like the voice of the mighty ocean; but in this instance it came from the surging crowds who turned to fly if possible from the swift-coming danger.

Ah, the merciless trampling, heavy feet treading hastily on, regardless of woman and children in the wild terror.

One after another sank down to be crushed beneath the flying crowd.

Amalie struggled on for a time bravely.

Her delicate bridal dress had been torn from her.

It would take a material of woven metal to have remained intact in such a crush.

But just as a place of safety was nearly reached, she sank down.

"I can go no further; save yourself, Pierre. Ah, I faint!—I die!"

"I will save you, or I will die with you, my Amalie," said Pierre.

He turned—for she had fallen.

With his heart aching for the others he must leave lying in a struggling group, he caught up the inanimate form, and with a strength almost superhuman, struggled on until he had reached a place of safety.

Then he laid his burthen down, with a fervent "Thank Heaven" trembling upon his lips.

Then he bent to kiss the pale face which he had been holding next to his laboring heart during his wild struggle for life.

With his first look at it he started back with a feeling that his eyes must have deceived him.

The full horror of the truth was for a moment withheld from his understanding.

In his mad hurry he had caught up a young girl—but not Amalie.

He had saved a stranger.

The shock was too great.

With a low agonized moan he sank down upon the ground in a dead faint.

It was hours before he came to himself.

At first he lay in a dull confused state, almost without sense or feeling.

Then, with a shock, came back recollection and all its attendant horrors.

He rose to his feet and fell back again.

Ah, the tearing grinding pain at his heart.

Would it ever cease?—he thought.

But a footstep in an adjoining room approached, and a hearty good-natured looking face, that of one of his fellow-workmen—looked in upon him.

"You have come to, Pierre, I see."

Then as Pierre covered his face with a groan, he said:

"Cheer up, man; it's not so bad as you think. I was right behind when pretty Amalie gave out, and I saw you had picked up the wrong one. So I lifted the other, and carried her along just as easy as if she'd been a baby, and if you hadn't keeled over so sudden like, when you found out that the poor little girl you had saved wasn't your own, I'd have soon comforted you."

The reaction from his sorrow was almost as overcoming to Pierre as his grief had previously been.

But after a time he controlled himself sufficiently to go with his friend and seek out the wife he had thought numbered with the dead.

He found her in company with a young stranger, the sight of whose face brought back the keen agony which he had felt when he first saw it, and knew that it was not Amalie's.

But when she kissed his hands in her enthusiastic French fashion, and called him her preserver, and when he had strained Amalie to his faithful heart again and again all feelings vanished but those of the purest happiness and thanksgiving.

"Truly, my own, we shall have reason to remember our marriage day!" he whispered softly. "It needs not the king's wedding festivities to fasten it upon our minds. Ah, Amalie, it is not often that one's dead comes again to life. Let us kneel and thank Heaven."

"Yes," said Amalie reverently, "and we will thank Heaven every day of our lives."

The Doctor's Daughter.

BY HENRY FRITH.

BETWEEN the doctor's daughters, Etherington—well, there is simply no choice. Julie is a singularly charming young lady.

"A perfectly delicious blonde, you know, and plays and sings charmingly. Rodwell was sweet on her, but her father wouldn't hear of it—he was poor.

"But you—you have a fortune—are highly eligible. So I expect you go to Sweetlands to meet your fate."

"Possibly; but I have little faith. I have been to meet it so often and failed," answered Ignace Etherington the artist with a smile, as he pulled on his gloves and took up his valise.

"There is another daughter—older or younger, I forgot which—a very plain girl, merely domestic tastes; Polly, I believe her name is. As I say, there is no choice. Well, good-bye, and good luck to you, Etherington!" and Jack Rosenfelt shook hands warmly with his brother artist.

Well, Etherington went down to Sweetlands.

For a whole pleasant summer he was to stroll and sketch in the woods there, and after a winter's illness and confinement to a sick chamber, the prospect was very alluring.

Rosenfelt was familiar with the locality, which he was not, and Etherington had naturally inquired as to whether he were likely to meet any agreeable young ladies in his rural retreat.

He had been informed at once that there was simply no choice, but that the girl, par excellence, was Miss Julie Lisle.

The Lisle mansion was to be his headquarters—Dr. Lisle his host.

Three months of sickness had freshened him to active life.

He already anticipated the future with pleasure, and that evening at sunset turned up Dr. Lisle's avenue with joyous step.

The locusts hung their fragrant boughs

over him, the lawns lay silken green in the pink flush of the western sky, the notes of a piano came sweetly through the open windows of the wide mansion ahead.

The first view of his summer's home was attractive.

Suddenly his foot struck a book lying in the path.

He picked it up, and opened first at the fly-leaf, where he read in pencil "Pauline Lisle."

"That is my book, if you please, sir," syllabled a clear voice, and a young girl sitting on one of the rustic seats under the locusts with a dog, a kitten, and a portfolio, upon which she was writting, rose and stretched out her white hand.

She had dark-blue eyes like wood violets, a white forehead, waves of brown hair, put simply back from two little ears.

As she looked out from a low-hung bough of the locusts, she was to Etherington an apparition fair indeed.

"Miss Lisle?"

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Ignace Etherington, and I am to stay here for the summer, I believe."

She seemed making an effort to recollect something.

"I think I heard papa speak of you some time ago, but I did not know when you were coming. When I spoke to you," she added, "I thought you were a stranger simply strolling across the grounds, as people occasionally make a cross-cut to the river so. I will walk up to the house with you and find my father."

She took the portfolio, the book, and the kitten in her arms, and the dog followed her—Etherington observant meanwhile of a certain great simplicity in her dress, which was of some plain dark stuff.

He had thought Miss Lisle to be fairer—this girl's complexion was not brilliant, her hair not golden—not his idea of a blonde at all, whatever Jack Rosenfelt might think.

She was not fairly handsome either.

The attraction which she saw and felt lay in a girlish dignity and purity, which were very sweet.

A few steps brought them to the main entrance of the house, where, under a swinging parrot's hoop, Dr. Lisle stood smoking his meerschaum.

He welcomed Etherington warmly.

"Just in time for a country supper, my boy," he said.

And Etherington responded:

"I have brought a country appetite to it."

"That is good news to hear of an invalid. My daughter is now doing her duty," with a slight frown. "I think I smell the toast burning."

With a very evident start and change of color, the young girl darted away—to appear at the table fifteen minutes later with a plate of toast exquisitely browned, and with a face evidently burned in preparing it.

At the same moment there entered at another door a radiant creature.

A robe of snowy white, knotted with azure ribbons, enveloped her.

A face of cream and roses looked serenely forth upon the world from a crown of golden hair worth its weight in ducats.

"My daughter Julie," announced the doctor, with a flush of pride. "I think you have already made acquaintance with Polly" designating his youngest daughter with a slight movement of the head.

Julie murmured a silvery salute with perfect self-possession.

Polly on her part, showed a quick, painful blush.

She was evidently not at ease in her father's society.

She seemed to eat no supper, but to watch anxiously for opportunities of serving him—a state of things he was evidently accustomed to, and yet apparently was not gratified but very exacting.

She rose twice from the table and went to the kitchen to make some alteration in his food.

"You have not been at home to-day," he said discontentedly, when she had redressed a plate of salad for him, with a look of reproach.

"I went to read and draw awhile—only a little while, papa, under the trees. It was so beautiful out of doors to-day."

"Duty should be one's chief pleasure. Remember, I have told you that often," grumbled the doctor, with his mouth full of salad.

When the meal was finished, he said:

"We will go upstairs, and Julie will sing for us."

But Polly went to the kitchen.

Etherington saw her very seldom.

At the table she seemed under a cloud.

She seldom spoke—never joined in the conversation to any extent.

Yet Etherington had a confused idea that the book he had taken up had been "Stones of Venice."

She was not a nonentity, as sometimes she almost seemed when the circle sparked with conversation, for the doctor, though a very evidently selfish and self-indulgent man, was an intelligent talker, and Miss Julie had read all the light literature of the day.

She sang and played too very prettily, and had that in her manner which made Etherington at once her gallant admirer.

He sang, strolled, drove, and rowed with her.

But he did not fall in love with Julie Lisle.

He grew a little tired before the summer was out of her light blue eyes and constant repetition of "So nice!"

He very much preferred Polly's simple "Yes" and "No," when he could gain access to her, and seek her opinion of his sketches.

He found her suggestions truly valuable.

In short, the more he knew of Polly, the more he wanted to know of her and was already more than in love with her, and in a state of chronic indignation at the condition of domestic servitude in which she lived.

The pleasant summer was drawing to an end, when he turned away from the door one evening for a moonlight stroll.

Half-way down the avenue he had stopped to light a cigar, when he heard the sound of sobbing, and at a short distance beheld the slight figure of Polly, cast face downward upon the rustic seat.

His heart leaped up.

He approached involuntarily, and laid so gentle a touch upon her bowed head that she was not frightened.

"My little Cinderella, tell me. I know apart, but tell me the rest of what troubles you," he said.

She sat up and shrank back.

"I could not tell you all," she said, in a stifled voice.

"It is nothing. Don't mind me. I have a headache, and am overtired," she added hurriedly.

"But you shall not send me away so," he said, sitting down upon the bench. "I can have Julie's society constantly; why can I never have yours? Cannot she dust the rooms and make the puddings occasionally, and let you go to row with me among the pretty reaches of the river? Why not, when you have a passion for scenery and she has none? Ah, you need not speak, I have seen too much, child. You are not appreciated, and it grieves you. And it grieves me more than I can bear."

"They do not understand," she murmured, with a startled look at him.

"They do not try!" he exclaimed. "They snub you; they insult you by calling you Polly. Your name is beautiful; Pauline, you are beautiful of soul, if your sister has a more brilliant face.

"How can I go away and leave you suffering here? I am a good-for-nothing fellow, not half worth your goodness and sweetness, but I think I could make you happy, if you would try to love me, and ——"

He had drawn her gently close to him, and suddenly she put her arms about his neck.

"I love you already," she whispered; "and that is what I am breaking my heart about.

"I am to marry the doctor's daughter," Etherington told Jack Rosenfelt when he went back to the city. "I, too, thought there was no choice."

But it was not until Jack came to the wedding that he found the bride was Pauline and not Julie.

The Straw that Saved.

BY J. H. LUDLOW.

A CERTAIN young man, living not a thousand miles from the city, had, at the age of one-and-twenty, come into the possession of a large fortune.

Immediately thereupon the fair-weather friends assembled about him, and sought to make him believe that they could make life pleasant for him.

He was fond of company; full of life; with no restraint save his own conscience; and he was easily led on into the glare and glitter of convivial enjoyment.

His mother had died when he was a youth of sixteen, and his father had lived but a year longer.

And he had no near relative to counsel or to guide him.

Once he had loved a beautiful young girl; but his dissipated course had frightened her parents, and they had forbidden him their house until he could truly mend.

This had so angered him that he had torn the image out from his heart, resolving that he would never be a slave!

And he was living a brilliant, glorious life, he knew, or at least he told himself so.

He drank deeper and deeper; and, anon, he came to the gaming-table.

In short, every vice that a wealthy spendthrift might find fleeting pleasure in he indulged in.

And the circle of friends clung closely.

They swore by him, and declared him a trump.

They drank his wine, and robbed him of his money; and if a new source of pleasure could be found, they all went in for the enjoyment, and he paid the bill!

One day, after his eye had become bleared and his step uncertain, he met the girl he had once loved in the street.

He read pity in her sweet face, and saw tears in her eyes; and he tried to steel his heart; yet he thought of her until his wild friends were again around him.

One day he went to the bank and drew out a thousand dollars.

That night he sat down in his own apartments, with his own wine upon the sideboard, and his own cards upon the table, and played with his dear friends!

The wine flowed freely, he drank deeply, and the game went on recklessly.

They played for high stakes, and played fast and late.

On the following morning the young man awoke with a bursting head and aching eyes.

By-and-by he called to mind the events of the night.

He looked into his pocket-book and into his purse.

Empty, both!

And he remembered that he had given his checks to various members of the party for large amounts.

He found the counter-foils, and they told him he had drawn his checks to the amount of over two thousand!

But what of that?

Before night he drank brandy enough to steady his nerves, and make him once more happy.

Another evening came, and again his friends assembled round his board.

He had got up a grand supper for them this time, and after the various courses of food had passed in order, came the wine and the toasts.

And one of the friends—one to whom a large check had been given—got up to offer a sentiment.

"Fill up! fill up!" he cried, "while I give you the toast of the evening. Here's to our sober and thrifty host! May he ever be as sensible as he is at this moment!"

It was drank with cheers—three times three.

It was observed that from that moment the spirits of their host seemed to fail him.

He became moody and abstracted.

By-and-by some one bantered him upon it, and asked him what was the matter.

"I was thinking," he answered, "did Tom tell the truth when he said I was sober and thrifty?"

And thereupon they all exclaimed:

"Of course he did! Oh! Was ever a man soberer or more thrifty?"

"Because," pursued the host, pathetically, "I shouldn't want a friend to lie on my account!"

"Oho! Sensible to the last! Fill up!"

But the host would drink no more.

He bade the others enjoy themselves as much, and as long, as they pleased; but they must excuse him.

Without him, however, the sport lagged; and when they found that there was to be no card-playing they soon dispersed.

And after they were gone, the young man sat down alone, and thought, and the words "Sober and thrifty!" "Sober and thrifty!" rang in his ears, and he repeated them over and over.

And then he added, "May he ever be as sensible as he is at this moment!"

And then, with a smiting of his clenched hand upon his bosom, he exclaimed:

"Tom did not lie! I will not let him lie!"

On the following day the youth went to the bank, and was closeted for half an hour with the manager.

On the morning of the next day a paragraph appeared in the society papers, announcing:

"We are rather pained to announce that F—— B——, the young man who was the inheritor of a fortune little more than two years ago, has lost every penny. Misfortune has befallen him; false friends have betrayed him; so that now his bill for less than three hundred dollars has gone to protest!"

On the next day after this the young man (we will call him Fred) went to Tom Amberly, to whom he had given hundreds and thousands, and asked him for the loan of a hundred dollars.

"'Pon my honor, Fred, I wish I had it; but, really——"

The youth waited to hear no more.

He tried half a dozen others, and with the same result, save that one man who had won two thousand dollars from him at one sitting, offered to give him five dollars, but he wouldn't lend him!

Then Fred went to his rooms, and sold off his furniture, and gave them up; and from that time was lost to sight for several months.

It was getting towards springtime when a society paper came out on a certain morning with a paragraph which to a certain set was startling:

"We are happy to state that a sad mistake was made a few months since in the announcement of the entire loss of Mr. F—— B——'s fortune, and, through some strange mistake, a bill of his went to protest; but he is all right now. The manager of the bank where his account is kept informs us that he will honor the young man's check for a hundred thousand dollars with pleasure. All is well that ends well."

Within four-and-twenty hours of that time Fred was in receipt of a dozen gushing notes from as many different individuals offering him any help in their power to give and begging him to remember the old friendship.

Only one of them did he answer, and that was the note from Tom Amberly:

"Do you remember, Tom, that you once offered a toast in my rooms in honor of myself; and you called me your 'Sober and thrifty host.' And I resolved in my heart of hearts from that moment that you had not lied!"

And when the Christmas bells were ringing, Fred led the girl of his old-time love to the altar, and took her hand in wedlock, promising that the night had passed, and that the morning had dawned upon a new and better life.

THE HADES OF THE HINDOOS.—The Hindoo idea of hell is different from those set forth in the confessions of faith and creeds of most of the denominations of Christianity. Punishments, for the most part, are in the way of transformations into unpleasant creatures. Those who have been drunkards on earth are in the next world changed into frogs. Dissenters from the true faith are turned into snakes. Backbiters are changed to tortoises, and misers to cranes. Flesh eaters are to be eagles, thieves are to be derived of hearing, and debtors are to be bullocks. The Hindoo hell does not include the notions of brimstone and continuous combustion.

ONE of the Indian maidens of the far west is known by the poetical and descriptive title of "Pink Shins."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.—The rose of Jericho, which frequents sandy places in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, when dry curls itself up into a ball, and is thus blown about till it finds a damp place where it uncurls, the pods open and the seed is sown.

THE NIHILIST.—A Slav derivation of the word Nihilist traces it from Nadiel, the patch of ground allotted to emancipated serfs; hence all poor peasants desiring to become owners of Nadiels are called Nadielists. This is more fanciful than sound.

OLD ALE.—The "corny" ale of the time Chaucer would be strange to the palates of the present day, the beer then being composed of a mixure of malt, oats, ivy-berries, or bay-berries. It was the practice to eke out the malt with a liberal quantity of unmalted oats, and a poorer kind of oat ale was largely consumed, especially in families.

WOMEN WARRIORS.—In some parts of Morocco, says a recent traveller, the women regularly go to battle with the men, "carrying arms and fighting with the best;" but the women of one tribe carry, instead of guns, a bunch of feathers and a pot of henna. "Any unfortunate male showing a wish to turn and fight another day is promptly seized and daubed with the dye. A man so disfigured never dare show his face among the tribe again."

CURIOUS FACTS.—Pulverized toads were used by the ancients in medicines, and afterwards as poisons. Draco inflicted capital punishment for drunkenness. Lycurgus destroyed the vineyards. The habit of carrying their dead away from the nests is universal among all species of ants. It is said that nightmare derives its name from Mara, an evil spirit of the Scandinavians. The Laplanders use a stick for an almanac, upon which are marked the festivals of the year.

A WISE DOG.—A Connecticut paper tells the tale of a sagacious dog in that city which has carried and guarded his master's dinner for several years. A day or two since he was met by three strange curs that acted as three bad boys sometimes do when they see a good little boy going along with a bundle. They hectored him, rubbed their noses against the basket, and otherwise annoyed him. At last he could stand it no longer, and, placing the basket carefully on a doorstep, he whipped the trio of curs in a real human way, and then proceeded undisturbed about his business.

THE DAUGHTER.—The Hottentots or Bushmen of Africa, have long been quoted as having no numerals at all beyond two or three. Dr. Hahn, however, discovered among the Ai-Bushmen numerals up to 20. The Khoi-khoi, or "men of men as they think themselves," have the curious system of calling all sons after their mother, all daughters after their father. The eldest daughter was highly respected, and the milking of the cows was entirely left to her. It is well known that in Sanskirt also the daughter is called *duhitar*, the milker, from *duh*, to milk, the Greek *thugater*, and our own *daughter*.

PARSEE AND BRAHAM.—The religion of the Parsees, as delivered in its original purity by their prophet Zoroaster, and as propounded in the Zend-Avesta, is monotheistic. Its morality is summed up in three precepts of two words each—"good thoughts," "good words," good deeds"—of which the Parsee is constantly reminded by the triple coil of his white cotton girdle. In its origin the Parsee system has much in common with the more recent Brahmanism. Neither religion can make proselytes. A man must be born a Brahman or a Parsee; no power can convert him into either one or the other.

THE HERRING HARVEST.—Three separate herring harvests occur annually off the English coast—viz: the spring, summer, and autumn, or "home" fishings. The spring herrings are very lean, and are worthless as food, but they are caught in considerable numbers and sold as bait for other fish to Dutch and French fishermen. The midsummer fish are far superior, though the catch is much less; but the great fishing for herrings takes place in the autumn—from September to Christmas. Although it is held by some that the "spring" fish develop into the fat wholesome "summer" and "autumn" herring, statistics prove that the later fishings are not at all injuriously affected by the earlier destruction of the spring fish, but that a good season in the spring is generally followed by a large increase in the summer and autumn fishings.

THE GRAND PANJANDRUM.—This is a term applied to any village potentate. The name first occurred in some nonsense lines composed by Foote. They were written to test the memory of a lecturer, who said "he had brought his own memory to such perfection, that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it read." Foote made a bet that he would read a dozen lines which the lecturer would not be able to commit to memory in twelve minutes; the challenge was accepted. The lines, a truly wonderful farrago of utter nonsense, are these: So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' "So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Jobbillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top, and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." It is said Foote won the wager.

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY F. C. S.

What is true love? I pray thee,
O heart of mine, make known:
"Two souls with one emotion,
Two hearts that beat as one."

And tell me how love cometh;
"It comes and still extends,"
And tell me how love endeth;
"That is not love which ends!"

And say, what love is purest?
"That which no self-love knows."
And when does love flow deepest?
"When it the stillest flows."

And when is love the richest?
"When most to give it moves."
And tell me how love speaketh?
"It does not speak—it loves!"

STRANGERS STILL.

BY CLEMANTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER VIII.

RUSE CONTRE RUSE.

THE next day when Mrs. Rolfe visited her neice, she found her tossing in high fever and babbling like a child who has the power, but not the sense, of speech.

Really alarmed, she dispatched a servant at once for a doctor.

In a short time the servant returned, accompanied by a white-haired, kindly-eyed old man, who greeted Mrs. Rolfe with the air and grace of a courtier.

He gazed upon Cecil's wild eyes and fevered face with great tenderness and concern; then he gave a few instructions and left her.

Mrs. Rolfe was concerned to learn that Cecil was suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, brought on by a neglected cold.

The doctor ordered that her beautiful hair was to be cut close; that she was to be kept in the utmost quiet and cool.

Mrs. Rolfe returned to the sick-room, where Sophy had installed herself as nurse.

She gave the doctor's orders curtly, and then sought her own room to think out this fresh problem.

Nurse Sophy cut off her lady's luxuriant locks; then wept to see the little head shorn of its glory.

She wrapped the beautiful wealth of hair in a handkerchief, resolved to keep it as a memento.

The faithful creature watched by Cecil's bed, soothing and tending the stricken girl as though she were her mother.

One golden morning, the doctor said the crisis had passed and that she would wake to reason, and, he hoped, swiftly returning health.

Mrs. Rolfe received the news joyfully; but, in speaking of it to her son, said:

"Mark me, my son, this illness will leave her body, but not her mind."

And it seemed that, though she recovered health daily, her intellect was still wrapped in a strange apathy.

This puzzled the good doctor, and almost broke Nurse Sophy's heart.

It was not that there was any sign of madness in her young mistress, only a dullness and an indifference to everything about her; she ate, drank, and slept like an infant, but showed no dislike or affection; never cared to move or notice anything; her mind seemed asleep, her very feelings drowsy.

She would sit by the open window for hours, watching in a vague uninterested manner the flight of a butterfly or bird, or the drifting of the clouds across the summer sky.

When anyone spoke to her she answered in a vacant, dreamy way, as though her thoughts were afar off.

She had lost all memory—that golden link that holds together the past and present.

Sophy watched her with despairing interest.

During all this time Mrs. Rolfe had shown herself most tender and compassionate towards the poor girl, tending her with her own hands in such gentle fashion, that Sophy almost fancied she had somewhat misjudged her.

Mrs. Rolfe professed to think her niece's mind would recover when the fair casket that held it grew strong again.

"The fever has exhausted her mentally as well as bodily," she said to Nurse Sophy, but to the grave, perplexed doctor she told a different tale.

"She has always been dull from a child," she said; "her malady is but slightly increased. I hope to see her herself again soon; I am very anxious for my son's sake. They have been betrothed since they were children. This is a family arrangement, and, strange to say, my son is sincerely attached to this poor girl; beauty is so much to a man. This illness is most unfortunate for him. They were to be married this month, and my son has important business that will soon call him away."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and raised his hands in condolence, but left with a puzzled look on his kind face.

Nurse Sophy grew daily more restless and harassed, until one day she surprised Mrs. Rolfe by saying:

"She must return to England at once, as she was feeling ill, in need of rest; in fact, worn out with tending her dear young lady."

Mrs. Rolfe looked well pleased, commended her resolution, extolled her affectionate care for her mistress, and finally dismissed her with a handsome present.

All that Nurse Sophy had said might be believed.

She was looking old, ill, and wretched, with a haggard, watchful look on her good plain face, that spoke of a mind ill at ease.

* * * * * *

One night, returning late from his club, the rising barrister, Brundel Havesham, was astounded at the antics and ill-suppressed merriment of his boy in buttons, who informed him, with many odd grimaces and contortions of his much be-buttoned body, that "the ruminest old party he ever did see, was awaiting him in his sitting-room: such a fierce old biddy too, sir," he continued; "lor, how she did box my ears because I asked her business."

Planting the button-imp in a distant corner by a well-directed push, Brundel left him still inwardly laughing at "the rummy old party."

The young barrister, with hasty strides, sought his room; eager to see his strange visitor.

Truly he was amazed.

Seated in his favorite chair—her feet planted on another—fast asleep, her tumbled grey hair hanging about her face, was a dusty, travel-stained old woman, whom he never remembered to have seen before in his life.

His first feelings were of surprise and indignation; his next was sincere compassion, for, looking close, he saw the old woman was old, ill, and worn out with fatigue.

She was in the sound sleep of exhaustion; his entrance had not roused her, so he quietly left the room, returning with a tray of refreshments, telling buttons meanwhile to heat some water, and make a strong cup of tea.

His scant knowledge of women told him that tea was their nectar.

He roused the old woman gently.

She started to her feet in bewilderment; then it dawned upon her that this was the man she had crossed the Channel to seek.

When she was assured of his identity, she drew a packet from her breast and gave it to him.

It was a letter wound round with a yard length of waving dark hair, to the end of which was strung the ring he had given to Cecil as a badge of friendship, in the golden circle of which was traced the motto of his race, "In hoc signo vinces."

The letter contained but a few lines, signed "Cecil."

He gazed on them both with a concerned white face, while Nurse Sophy sat, trying to make herself look more presentable.

When Brundel had recovered from his surprise, he turned to converse with her; but before he would allow her to speak, he insisted upon her being refreshed with cake and wine.

Under the gentle stimulus Sophy's courage revived, and she rewarded his impatience as follows:

"I assure you, sir, I have not rested since I left my poor darling, for I know they are about some fiend's tricks with her."

Then she gave a detailed account of Cecil's illness and strange loss of intellect; also of her own dark suspicion as to their being foul play.

"I noticed that my young lady was always more strange after Mrs. Rolfe had sat up with her, or given her her medicine or food; so I set myself to watch.

"One day I missed a bottle of medicine from the mantel; then I remarked it was again in its place, after Mrs. Rolfe had visited the sick-room; so I hid the bottle in my own room, and replaced it by a harmless drug of the same color.

"Then, one night, Mrs. Rolfe brought my dear lady a basin of beef tea, and sat by her side to see her drink it; but before Miss Cecil had taken a couple of spoonfuls, her aunt was called away.

"Directly she was gone, I snatched the basin away, and drank the contents off at a draught, Miss Cecil, as usual, taking little notice.

"Mrs. Rolfe returned just as I set the empty basin down.

"She came forward hurriedly, saying, as she saw the beef-tea was gone:

"'Ah, that's right; she'll soon be well if she takes plenty of nourishment.'

"I told her I was feeling worn out, and asked that some one should be allowed to take my place.

"She readily consented, and I hurried to my own room to await the effects of what I believed to be the drugged food.

"After some time I began to experience the strange sensation of drowsiness and numbed limbs, presently; then I fell into a restless sleep which lasted till morning, and awoke with a sensation of irritable pain in the head, and a dull listlessness.

"After this, I was sure that Miss Cecil was, for some cruel purpose, being slowly poisoned, or worse, being driven into hopeless madness.

"You may be sure I watched closely, and prevented my poor child from taking anything from that woman's hands.

"Under this new state of things, Miss Cecil grew greatly better.

"One day, thinking she had taken some more drugged food, I put my finger in her throat, and made her fearfully sick; then she seemed more herself; and after a little sleep, woke up, looking wild, asked me for pen and paper, and traced those few lines to you, bidding me deliver the ring and note to you without delay.

"I made an excuse that day, and left at once for Paris, taking with me the bottle of medicine I had saved; I carried it to an analyist, had it tested, got the analyist to write down what he discovered it contained, also what effect it would be likely to have upon a person taking it.

"I paid pretty dearly, but I think I got my money's worth.

"He said it contained a small quantity of a little-known poison, that in repeated doses would enfeeble the intellect, and, in time, strike at life itself.

"He further said, this would be hard to trace in a dead body, and a great deal more to the same effect; but here is the paper."

Then Sophy stopped for want of breath, and Brundel, who had been listening with horror, curling and uncurling the lock of hair round his finger, put a few questions as to what she imagined to be their motive?

She replied that "from what she had overheard Sir Jesse say to his mother, she imagined he was in some great and immediate need of money, and that they were drugging Cecil until she should be in such an imbecile state as to be unable to resist being forced into a marriage with him, thereby insuring to him her large fortune. In France, you see, sir, a marriage is so much a matter of expediency that the woman has no voice in the matter; the guardians arrange everything, so that, supposing Miss Cecil to make a feeble resistance, little notice would be taken of it. Besides, poor child, she would be in such a bewildered state from the effect of the drugs given her, she would obey them like a spaniel. I wound that lock of hair about the letter, sir, having an odd fancy that if you knew Miss Cecil you would know her lovely hair, and if you cared for her it would bind you to her cause."

"Lovely hair, indeed," said Brundel; "last time I saw it, it crowned the most queenly head in Christendom."

Then, detaching it from the ring, he placed it with caressing touch in a pocket-book, and slipping the ring on his finger, he rang for tea, and telling Nurse Sophy he would give up his bed to her, and sleep at his club, where he hoped to find a gentleman who would assist them, he bade her good-night, telling her she must rest well, as they must start for France in the morning.

Sophy demurred to accepting Brundel's bed at first, but he was firm; so she yielded, greatly to the delight of buttons, who, as he watched his master depart, said to himself:

"Blessed if I don't believe the rummy old party is his own mother, who has been hiding in an almshouse—mean cuss."

Brundel hurried off to his club, just in time to catch his old friend, lawyer Brownlow, who was in town for a couple of days.

Brundel told him he wished to consult him on a most important matter without delay, so the good Scot ordered a bottle of wine, and lighting a cigar, sacrificed himself on the altar of friendship with no ill grace.

Brundel took the wily North Briton entirely into his confidence, which had the effect of making that gentleman's hair to stand on end.

The next day three worthy people started for the distant shores of La Belle France.

CHAPTER IX.

THE three weary-travelers arrived at their destination late on a beautiful starlit night.

Leaving Sophy and Mr. Brownlow to refresh themselves, Brundel went in search of the doctor who had attended Cecil.

He had no difficulty in finding the quaint, low-gabled house where the good old doctor resided.

His important summons caused the appearance of a nightcapped head from an upper window, and a voice shrilly inquired his pleasure.

Stating that his business was urgent, he waited.

After a sound of much scuffling and rusty bolts being withdrawn, an old man in a gray dressing-gown stood in the doorway, and, lifting his tasseled cap from his long white locks, invited him to enter.

Brundel followed his host into a large low room, tiled with bright red bricks.

The place was clean and bright, though very plain and bare.

Books and bottles were its most noticeable features.

From the rafters hung huge bunches of herbs, which scented the air with their pleasant fragrance.

The old doctor motioned Brundel to a seat, then waited with a bland smile for him to speak.

He looked surprised when the young man asked if they were likely to be overheard, and, upon being assured they were not, begged that the statement he was about to make might be received as one of a strictly confidential professional nature.

The old man gave the desired promise, and then Brundel laid bare to him the whole of the plot that so darkly encompassed his patient, Cecil Rolfe, or Havesham.

He had some difficulty in making the Frenchman understand the legality of his claim upon her, the good old man being entirely ignorant of Scotch marriage law.

When Brundel had finished the recital, the old doctor walked out into the moonlit porch and stood there some time, whistling softly and gazing at the moon.

Presently he returned, took a long look at Brundel, and then said, firmly:

"I decide to trust you, young sir; and I also have a statement to make respecting my charming patient. When you have heard my story, we must decide what step had better be taken in the matter. You are only just in time, for the young lady is to be wedded to her cousin to-morrow. Every arrangement has been made. They are to be married to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and leave at once for Spain. The ceremony is to be performed, at the lady's own house, by my friend the minister of this parish. I objected to the marriage, because I do not consider my patient is at present in a fit state to enter into so solemn a contract; but her aunt, who is also her guardian, assured me there was present need of such a step, to keep certain estates from going out of the family.

"Madame is a clever woman, and I own, by her subtle reasoning and persuasive tongue, my own better judgment was hoodwinked; but, God be praised, it is not yet too late to rescue the poor girl. I am invited to be present to-morrow, as a witness to the marriage ceremony. I will go; but not alone. You and your lawyer friend must attend me to unmask that traitress. You say the fact of her having tried to poison her niece must be kept secret, to avoid scandal. So be it. But it is a weapon we can unsheath at will. Now, my young friend, good night. Unfortunately, it is too late to do anything now; besides, it will be better to attend the wedding, then they will not have any opportunity to escape with their victim.

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The heavens are overhung with clouds black and heavy, far in the hazy distance the voice of the storm rolls with sullen loom, the blue lightning flashes with weird splendor upon the ivied walls of the old gray castle, flashes its dread glory into the shimmering casements, and lights up the faded chamber with momentary grandeur. Down pours the heavy, seething rain, breaking with dull thud upon the gaunt trees and beating down in fury the fragrant flowers, the faint odor of their crushed sweetness being carried by the freshened air into the darkened rooms, where it mingled strangely with the scent of the dried roses and lavender.

In a large state-room, called the "tapestry-room," covered with the faded century-old finger-work of the dames of ancient France, were assembled at the far end of the room a group of people in their gala dresses.

They were gathered together before an impromptu altar constructed out of an old table covered with a white cloth of satin damask, loaded with beautiful flowers—rich pomegranate blossoms, bright tinted roses, tall fair lilies, and groups of fairly-like ferns.

Before the altar stood a white-robed priest, whose dark earnest face had little of the leaven of earth upon its calm surface.

Standing near him was Aunt Hester, majestic in a robe of azure satin, having a look of eager haste upon her face; she was saying to the priest, in her rapid, distinct utterance:

"Proceed with the ceremony; there is no need to wait for our laggard guest, doubtless the severity of the weather prevents his coming."

The priest bowed his head and opened his book, and filled the room with the mellow cadence of his voice.

Before him knelt Sir Jesse, his hawk eyes drooped, and a dark flush upon his handsome swarthy face.

By his side knelt Cecil, in a pure white robe, the starry flowers of the orange-tree gleaming amid her short glossy hair; her face had a dreary, vacant look, and her eyes wandered about restlessly, like one who is lost and looks mentally in vain for a familiar landmark.

Her sweet lips break apart into a sad smile at the sound of the clergyman's words, which seemed to strike a chord in her discordant mind.

Behind her knelt her French maid, tricked out so finely that the eyes of the old butler Jean wandered to her with great delight and admiration.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped the girl, as a blinding flash of lightning played upon her mistress's white dress and lighted up the scene.

Then, drowning the clergyman's voice, came the stern boom of the thunder; so the grand war of the elements disturbed the strange espousals, hushed the voice of the priest and made the trembling women shrink with fear.

Then comes the hurried tramp of feet, and three men, booted and spurred, dripping with wet, splashed with mud, heated with their rough journey, hurry into the room with stern mien.

The group of kneeling figures start to their feet and stare, wondering, upon the intruders.

Cecil only still remains kneeling in a state of apparent torpor.

Sir Jesse, in a voice hoarse with indignation, steps forward, saying:

"What means this unseemly intrusion?"

"It means," said Brundel, in a loud firm tone, "that this marriage cannot proceed; the young lady is already a wife."

"You lie!" shouted Sir Jesse, mad with rage; then, turning hotly to the clergyman, he said, "Complete your task, Sir Priest, the guests will but bear witness to our vows."

Meanwhile the old doctor had drawn Mrs. Rolfe aside and whispered a few words to her which caused her to dismiss the gaping servants; she was trembling with fear and rage, and, when the servants had departed, sank into a seat, saying, with something of her old domineering spirit:

"Gentlemen, explain your business as briefly as possible; what means this claptrap stage scene, to what end these heroics? Come, Sir Hector, I appeal to you," she said grimly, looking into Brundel's honest, angered face.

"Allow me," interposed lawyer Brownlow; "you know me and my profession, and I suppose you will do me the honor to credit with veracity my statement."

Then followed a concise narration of Cecil's marriage in Scotland and a few remarks as to its legality, given in the old lawyer's terse, forcible, and conviction-compelling manner.

Sir Jesse stood, leaning on the back of his mother's chair, with a baffled, haggard look in his eyes.

Mrs. Rolfe smiled contemptuously, saying in a clear, distinct voice:

"I am Cecil's legal guardian; this marriage was contracted under age; I shall dis-

pute it in the first courts in Europe, and meanwhile retain my niece in my custody."

"You will do nothing of the kind, madam. Mr. Havesham is your niece's husband, therefore by all laws, legal and divine, her rightful guardian. This marriage was contracted during her uncle Sir Sydney Rolfe's lifetime. Can you prove it was not subject to his approval? At any rate he did not dispute it, and was on friendly terms with his niece's husband, and willed his property to his niece subject to no restrictions; but if this argument does not convince you, speak a few words in private to my friend Havesham here; his argument may prove more convincing. Take my advice, madam, and for your own sake listen to him."

Mrs. Rolfe motioned to Brundel to follow her to the end of the rooom, out of earshot.

Lawyer Brownlow crossed to Cecil and raised her tenderly from her kneeling position and placed her near the window, seating her where the light fell upon her fair vacant face.

The old doctor buttonholed the surprised priest, and talked to him in a low, confidential whisper.

His version of the affair electrified the good priest, and caused him to exclaim with uplifted hands:

Sir Jesse stood looking from group to group, a devilish malice darkening his face.

He gazed long at his mother, and saw Brundel talking to her in an earnest, yet scornful manner, holding for her inspection a sheet of paper on which some words were traced.

Then he saw her stagger back into a seat, saying in a frightened, helpless tone:

"All shall be as you wish; take her from my sight."

"Mother, are you gone mad?" said Sir Jesse, springing to her side at the sound of her last words.

But she silenced him, saying wearily:

"Take me to my room; I will explain,—I will explain."

Seeing she was almost fainting, Sir Jesse did as she desired, and Brundel sought Cecil's side.

Looking on her altered form, and sad, changed face, his heart smote him for his neglect of her. He reproached himself for not having shielded her with his name and taught her to love him, and, born of this new reproach, came a great pitying tenderness for his child-bride, she who was wife in name only, and he held out his hand to her, crying so sadly—

"Cecil do you not know me? I am Brundel, your husband;" but she only raised her hand to her head, saying wearily, like a tired child, "Don't worry me, take me to Nurse; where is Nurse Sophy?"

Brundel turned to the old doctor with a despairing look of enquiry. The old man understood him, and said gravely—

"Don't be alarmed, she will recover with care and good nursing. We must take her away from here at once. She ought to be in bed, poor child. Leave her to me; go and see about a coach. I don't think the lady of the house will refuse you; you have a potent charm in that scrap of paper."

That night, Cecil slept in the good doctor's humble home, watched over by her old Nurse, Sophy. After this followed a month of sickness, dire and dangerous; but youth triumphed, and Cecil regained her right mind, and something of her old health and brightness.

She learned from Sophy the full details of all the peril she had passed through, also of Brundel's anxious care and untiring work in her behalf.

She shuddered at hearing of her aunt and Jesse, but brightened at the history of Brundel's kind care—"How good he was; how she loved him." She almost dreaded to get well, lest with health she lost him.

"What did he intend to do," she wondered, "with her! Surely he would never cast her adrift again, after acknowledging her so publicly as his wife; yet, how could she hamper him with an unloved wife! Well, let things take their course," she thought, turning wearily from the light, to find balm in pleasant dreams, peace in quiet sleep.

CHAPTER X.

A GOOD OMEN.

"NURSE," said Brundel, one bright morning, "when your mistress is dressed, ask her to grant an interview. I wish to see her on business of importance, if you think she is strong enough to bear it."

"I will ask her how she feels this morning, sir. Last night she seemed quite bouny."

And Sophy hurried away to his bidding. She returned shortly, saying her mistress was quite ready and willing to see him.

At the door of the quaint old chamber Brundel paused. It was a delicate matter he desired to discuss with her, and he was thinking how best to do it.

He then pulled himself together with a wry face, and tapped smartly at the door. Cecil's sweet voice bade him enter, and he was struck with the pretty picture she presented in the bare brown room, with its snowy hangings.

She lay on a low couch by the open window, daintily clad in a soft pink wrapper, heavily trimmed with rich Oriental embroidery, her dark hair clustered about her pretty head in charming little curls. She was looking very fragile and delicate, and her small white hand, held out in welcome, trembled at his touch.

Her weakness appealed strongly to Brundel's sympathy, and gave warmth to his voice, as he said, kindly.

"I am gratified to see you are so much recovered, though you still look far from convalescent.

"Do you think you are equal to a chat on serious subjects? Pray don't let my masculine ignorance be the cause of annoyance to you."

"Indeed," said Cecil, "I shall be glad to hear anything you may have to say. I know there is much to be settled, but I leave you to all. Tell me what you consider best to do under our peculiar circumstances and I will do it gladly; only, pray do not let me be any unnecessary trouble to you. Heaven knows, I have already worried you enough; but you know my gratitude. It were vain to speak further of the matter. All the words in the world could not estimate your goodness and kindness to so lonely a little woman as I."

"Nonsense," said Brundel; "it is I who should thank you for your friendship and trust.

"But come, child, to business. Now I have claimed you by law, and taken you from your wretched relations, we must then come to some arrangement about the future."

"He wants to get rid of me," thought Cecil, turning pale. But Brundel continued—

"Now, my idea is this, if you have faith enough in me to agree to it. I propose that we journey on to Paris and are re-married at the Protestant Church; previous to which I want, as far as I can, to secure your money to you.

"Then, when all these legal forms are undergone, you must travel for a change, which I hope will soon bring back the roses to your cheeks. When you return to England, we must settle our future plans. You will bear my name, and, if you do not object, I fancy it would be best for you to reside with me.

"Don't look so scared, child, I know there is no question of love in the matter; but, under the unfortunate circumstances, it would be best to show the world a fair front of affection.

"And I hope you will learn to tolerate my presence and be happy. I promise not to presume on my privileges as a husband; but treat you in all things as a dear husband and cherished little sister. Come do you consent?"

"Do you not think, Mr. Havesham," said Cecil, in a dull pained voice, "that it would be better to free yourself from me, if you can! I fear I am but a drag on you, and the tie you suggest would neither bring you ease nor happiness, and might keep you from a more suitable union. For myself now I have proclaimed my husband I could never bring myself to look upon another man in that light; but you are different; I do not wish to spoil your life. Leave me and be happy in a future where I have no place."

"Child, child, this is not the clear calm common sense I hoped to find in you. Have you so soon forgotten your old friend Edith and my love for her. I believe my life's love lies buried in her grave. But I will do my duty by you, if you can trust me with your future.

"Who knows, there may be light ahead that we, in our blindness, cannot see? I really think, what I propose, is your only safeguard against further trouble with your people.

"But do not let me persuade you against your heart. Do as you deem best to ensure your future wellbeing: you may command me any way you will. Rub the lamp your slave will obey."

"Give me time to think," said Cecil. "I will send my answer to you by nurse to-night. I feel a little faint and tired now. Please call Sophy."

"I have been a thoughtless brute to bother you so soon. You should have told me you did not feel equal to the discussion. Oh! here is nurse. Come, nurse, see to your mistress.

"First run for a glass of wine. Come, child, bear up a moment. By Jove! she has fainted," ejaculated Brundel, as he flew to her side, and placed her with gentleness in a more recumbant position.

He was kneeling by her side, when nurse Sophy returned.

With loving loving anxiety she loosened the pretty robe from the neck, brushed the soft rings of hair from the pale forehead, fanned the marble face, and with sweet essences awoke the numbed senses. At last, the star-like eyes unclosed and looked into the kind faces bent over her; then, with returning sense, came shame-facedness. And snatching her little hands from Brundel's clasp, she sought to restore her disordered dress to neatness.

"Poor little girl," said Brundel, brushing her cheek lightly with his lips; "you must take care not to excite yourself so again."

Then he rose to leave, smiling to see how hotly Cecil's cheek burned under his light caress. Left alone with her old nurse, Cecil frightened the good soul by bursting into hysterical sobs, crying out she wished she was dead.

Sophy soothed her by gentle words, and, holding her in her arms, allowed her to sob herself into calmness. Then she begged her to tell her all that had passed, and Cecil did so, saying, when she had finished—

"Oh, nurse, was ever a young life so misused as mine? I feel, as if there is no place in this great world for my poor tired body."

"Nonsense child don't be so foolish; be brave, make the best of it. Even the most humble of us have a niche in God's Temple that we call the world — a niche that we may adorn and ennoble or disgrace. Some make their niches lounges, a grave-like bed of clay, for theirs is death in life, gathering about them the dimbling dust of sloth, that like a slimy pest eats away men's souls, rots their brave bodies, and makes them worthless images that crowd out better lives. Some fill their niches with heaven-cursing crimes that blast their places to blackness, from which they are hurled through ever-taunting space to depths undreamt of, leaving their niches foul blots upon the temple; others there are who weakly fill their places like propped pillars, washing out the spot by foolish ever-flowing tears; and when at last they slip away, a blurred outline marks the spot as ugly as a stain.

"Child, be none of these; if your niche contains a cross do not fall down fearfully before it, but stand up bearing it bravely till your weak hands are lifted off their burden.

"Remember, 'no cross, no crown,' and be sure your niche will blossom into brightness that will be a light upon the temple. Some niches are placed high and others lowly; to each in its turn come light and darkness, sunshine and shadow, storm and calm.

"The bright turn is coming; only look through the mist, and you will see hope spread its wings to soar into your souls."

"Dear nurse, I never imagined you could talk so wisely; your simile is good, but it seems to me that many are either ill-fitted to their places or miss finding them altogether."

"As to talking wisely, child, a tongue never goes lamely when the heart speaks. As to people being ill-fitted to their places, 'tis one's own fault; either he should by contentment fit himself to his place, or chip away till he has fitted the place to him. And if by chance one should slip out of his niche let him climb higher, I say, and carve himself another.

"Well, nurse, I suppose you are right; I will try not to dishonor the sight of the Divine Architect by becoming a disfigurement to His temple. One thing, dear old Sophy, you fill your niche worthily."

"Well, missie, mine has been an honest endeavor. I hope to leave my place clean and bright, even if I can't turn Time's ever-flowing crystal into gems. But come no more talk now, take my advice, do as Mr. Havesham suggests. It is the only way, and all will come right. I foresee a bright future before you."

As she spoke she darkened the room, and after seeing Cecil had composed herself to sleep, crept out quietly, that she might rest.

A few days later they started for Paris, and, tended by Brundel's care and Sophy's love, Cecil did not feel the worse for the journey.

After a few days spent in complete rest and retirement, Brundel startled Cecil by informing her that their wedding day had arrived.

Sophy dressed the trembling girl in a crisp white morning robe, and covered the curly head with a pretty white chip bonnet; then led her to Brundel, who placed her in an open carriage as though they but contemplated a morning drive, Sophy as usual attending her mistress.

After a pleasant drive through the Bois de Boulogne, they alighted from the carriage, bidding the coachman wait; then walked quietly to the little church, where they found a clergyman and the little old French doctor awaiting them.

Cecil was so white, and trembled so much, that the old doctor gravely bade her wait awhile to gain composure.

Sophy chided her gently, and Brundel sat down by her side, and after raising her trembling hand to his lips, said as he retained her hand in a close, strong clasp:

"Courage, little one, try to trust me, do not be afraid. I consider you a sacred trust sent to test my manhood. See, they are ready for us; come, dear, the ceremony will soon be over, then there is nothing that need worry you."

Cecil rose and permitted them to place her before the alter, and in awe that was almost a pain, she listened to the beautiful words of the marriage service.

Glancing up timidly into Brundel's face, and seeing it is so calm and resolute, she took courage and plucked up heart of grace to go through her part creditably.

When it was ended, Brundel put his hand under her chin, and raising her face, so as to look into her true eyes, said in a low tone:

"Little one, to-day I have endowed you with something dearer to me than life, my good name, and I feel you will wear it as a queen her crown, with honor."

After they had signed their names and received the clergyman's good wishes, they fee'd the church servants handsomely, and passed out into the blessed sunlight.

In the porch a charming sight was presented to them.

Five snow-white doves were picking up crumbs; then, as they approached, soared above their heads, and hovered there like a benediction.

"A good omen of future peace, little girl," said Brundel, catching her hand, and pointing above them to the birds.

"God grant it so," said Cecil, brightly. A load seemed suddenly lifted from her heart.

They walked back slowly, through the mellow sunlight, and entered the carriage again; and, all together, they were driven back to their hotel, where a pleasant little noon-day meal awaited them, to which Brundel insisted nurse Sophy and the doctor should become their guests.

It was a merry meal, during which each pledged the other in good Burgundy, and all went merry as a summer song.

Only when night came—while the good doctor and nurse Sophy slept the sleep of tired age—Cecil, alone in her pretty chamber, paced the room with bare, weak feet, and prayed aloud for strength to bear her life.

And down below, Brundel, the rising genius of the day, steeped his noble mind in dull wine; then strived to ease the dulness by mad play.

Alas, where is prudence when the lamps are lit!

CHAPTER XI.

A HOLIDAY BY THE SEA.

THREE nights later, Brundel was smoking a quiet pipe in happy dishabille of dressing-gown and slippers in his own room, thinking it time he made a stir and returned to his work and hopes of renown, when he was surprised by a timid knock at his door.

With an impatient exclamation, for his pipe was comforting, he arose, and opened the door to see his wife, with pale, scared face and eager, outstretched hands, awaiting him.

He drew her in hastily, and closed the door, marvelling greatly what had caused this visit.

He had imagined their future plans all well settled in an interview he had with her in the day.

She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands a second; then raised it, pale and frightened, to him, saying, with a pitiful fight for composure:

"Mr. Havesham, I came to plead for what I had not the courage to ask to-day—your presence and protection. I could not endure my life alone; I am too young, too weak, too wretched.

"I pray you give me your patience. I understand the sacrifice you have already made to honor, and I beg you, by your dead mother's love, to imagine me her child, and shield me from the world's censure by taking me to your home.

"So far honor me, and I'll ask no more. I am so lonely, and have been by the world so buffetted, that I do not feel safe away from you.

"I will never exceed the limits of your bounty—ask nought of you but sufferance. I'll be content to be the humblest of your servants; only pray don't leave me behind alone.

"With strength, I may gain courage; but don't leave me yet. Oh! indeed, indeed, I cannot bear it."

Her speech had so gushed from her heart, that Brundel could not check her, had he so willed.

Now, with infinite compassion, he approached the shaking girl, and assured her with tenderest gentleness, saying, as he held her shaking hands:

"Why, you poor, silly child! why could you not tell me to-day you did not like the arrangements I had made for your comforts thinking a separate maintenance what you really wished.

"Child, child! I only desire your happiness and well-being. You shall, of course, share my home, poor foolish, trembling thing.

"Do you know so little of me as to fear to tell me your real desires? Cecil, we have made a sad hash of our lives, but let us hope the best from it.

"Let a year pass; and while people imagine us the happiest couple in Christendom, we may learn to see our duty clearer. Now, child, get you to bed, and hurry on your packing to-morrow, for I must be in England in the course of a few days, on important business that may win us honor.

"Come, drink this wine; you look shockingly ill, and promise that in future you will tell me your real wishes. I fancied you wanted to be rid of me."

Cecil allowed him to lead her to her door, and then, after a brief good-night, disappeared; and he passed his hand wearily over his hot forehead, and said to himself, blandly:

"Brundel Havesham, you are a greater fool than I thought you, 'pon my soul, you are!"

Next morning nurse Sophy was surprised at their change of plan. While attending her mistress, Brundel, after obtaining permission, entered, and said, with all the coolness of marital authority:

"Cecil, on second thoughts, if you do not mind, I'd rather you returned to England with me.

"You are not so strong as I could wish. I fear to leave you behind. I shall be so anxious about you.

"I shall settle my business in town, then take you to the Isle of Wight. We'll have a holiday. 'Tis just the time—hot July. We will hire a furnished house by the sea, and enjoy our young selves amazingly. Come, what says my lady?"

Cecil turned a glowing, grateful face to him, confessing herself more than willing; and nurse listened, and thought this a much more sensible arrangement than being left alone to recruit at the South of France, and cheerfully set to packing for the journey.

* * * * * *

"I am so glad you like the house Cecil. I think it's charming; you see the grounds are so beautiful, and there is such a delightful sea-view.

"There are some people I wish to cultivate on the island, so we must arrange to give some entertainment, when you feel equal to the exertion of receiving folks. You see a man in my position cannot have too many friends and acquaintances. Now put on your hat and come with me, I want to show you Shanklin Chine; it is such a delicious spot, cool and shady, with just one blue eye of sky peeping in.

"Then we drive into Bonchurch. I am so glad you have never been here before; it's a new pleasure to see your delight in every fresh beauty I show you. I am glad we came to Shanklin. I remember spending a holiday here when a boy, and being too ill for sport, read Keats' poem 'Lamia,' which he wrote here in 1819; a passionate story, that perhaps my little girl would hardly understand. At any rate, let the serpent lie in the cool grass while we go into the sunlight."

Together, like a couple of children hand in hand, with just the happy shyness of love

dawning between them, they went out into the lovely day.

Soon Cecil stood amazed before the beauty and strangeness of the sight; the Chine was at its best, for there had been days of heavy rain, so that the little cascade was worth viewing.

The rill falls about thirty feet between the sides of its gloomy hollow, which are covered with shining green lichens and moss of every hue; the scene delighted Cecil's artistic sense, and she chatted away gaily about it all, and was most charmed by the little cottages on the narrow terrace. Lightly she tripped up the rude steps and stood on the skittle-ground, excavated out of the sandy rocks, overshadowed by young oaks, and gazed up to where the high cliff, verdure-clad, lets down the stream, which forms a chine, through a deep narrow fissure to the sea.

She returned to luncheon in high spirits, and, after a rest, resolved to take a romantic walk to Bonchurch, along the cliffs, past Luccombe Chine.

Cecil had grown quite strong now, and loved a long walk.

"We will dine at 'Ribbond's,' Cecil," said Brundel; "then, after viewing St. Bonny's Well by moonlight, we'll drive back. It's a most picturesque way, and will, I feel certain, charm you.

"You will be surprised too, at the cliff of dazzling white that reaches from the sea to the sky, like a wall of pearls."

Never in all her life did Cecil forget that day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI —[CONTINUED.]

I TOLD her about it myself," cried unlucky Geordie—"how Christie nursed him, and saved him, and that she has gone out to Mirzapore! I called her his good genius! I have blundered confoundedly! And Christie"—with a puzzled look at Feena—"I declare to you that I thought these two, Mervyn and Christie, in the summer, were awfully far gone. I fancied it was almost settled."

"Do you know, Geordie," said Feena, "that I used to think, after his illness at Woodford, when they were so much together, that Christie was really serious at last. There was a difference in her way with him, when she was off her guard and thought herself unobserved," concluded Feena, remembering the scene in the garden. "Oh, Geordie, if they should meet out in India, and if—Miss Verney might be free, Geordie! I could forgive Christie everything, if she could only bring that about."

"Feena," exclaimed Geordie sternly, "do you think I am such a cur? Do you think I would take my happiness at the expense of hers? Heaven bless her! If Mervyn has played her false, even for Christie, then he is no friend of mine from this time forth."

His hand trembled, his ruddy color paled.

Feena, silenced, clung closer to his arm, and pressed her lips to his hand.

"He is so much better than I, my dear old Geordie," she was saying to herself.

The dinner-gong boomed out, and startled them both.

Geordie hurried to his room.

Sir Wilfrid was walking up and down it, filled with impatience.

"I have been waiting here half an hour. Where have you been?" he cried at sight of him.

"With Feena."

"Then you have heard?"

"Yes, I am heartily glad."

Their hands met in a cordial clasp.

"We must talk it over by-and-by—the gong has sounded!" cried the bridegroom-elect as he hurried away.

Poor Geordie threw his boots and brushes, coats and waistcoats, right and left, as he rushed through his toilet. "It is not for me to envy any man his luck," said he moodily as he spoilt his third white neck-tie and tossed it behind him.

"Your brother is looking tired," Lady Drummond said, as she linked her arm in her future daughter-in-law's, when the ladies left the dining-room. "He has done too much on the ice to-day. I saw that he was pushing Estelle Verney's chair for the greater part of the time. She is a lovely girl and very sweet."

"Yes," answered Feena simply.

"But, my dear," said Lady Drummond, coloring in a soft rose-flush all over her delicate features, "he must not find her too sweet and lovely for his peace of mind. Poor child! She—in fact," hesitated the gentle lady, divided between her respect for Clara Wilmer's confidences and her desire to save honest Geordie from a heartache, "there is a kind of engagement—an attachment. It is not spoken of," she added hastily, "but—I was her mother's friend. I hope I shall see her happy in good time."

"Thanks, dear Lady Drummond," said Feena. "We had heard something of it."

"Ah, I am glad," returned Lady Drummond relieved; "but I might have remembered. Of course you would know all about it—your brother's friend—I had forgotten how well you all know Mr. Mervyn."

Lady Drummond colored more pinkly than ever, under the sense of an indiscretion.

She had mistaken Armstrong's friendly sympathy and interest for a warmer and more dangerous feeling.

Her warning had been superfluous.

"So I was right!" Feena told herself, as Lady Drummond left her to receive evening guests, who had begun to arrive. "It is Mr. Mervyn. Poor old Geordie! Is he to lose them both together—his love and his friend? I knew there was mischief in the air when that man was brought to Woodford. I felt it in my bones! And Christie is the villain of the plot! Well, I wonder how it will end. I should enjoy to see Christie the victim of her own wiles for once. But, then there is Geordie—my dear old Geordie!"

CHAPTER XXII

LADY ARMSTRONG was in despair.

Geordie had exchanged into a fighting regiment, and had actually sailed for India, within a week of Feena's wedding, too.

Not even that great event could delay him; no prayers or entreaties, no appeals to his filial tenderness or duty, nothing could hold him back this time.

He was inflexible.

Sir James had consented, although he looked grave, and had walked with a heavier step ever since.

"The boy must have his way," he said to his wife. "The young ones must live their own lives; we can't force them into the pattern we have chosen to mark out for them—they will choose for themselves. Let him go, dame. If we thwart him, we may ruin him. His heart is set on it."

There was in Geordie's face a sort of grave resolution, a set unalterable purpose stamped upon his features, which had grown thin and even careworn, an expression so new to the light-hearted genial young soldier that Lady Armstrong cried out that she knew it was a foreshadowing of death—he was doomed.

Perhaps Feena knew more than the rest.

She cried a good deal, but she would not join in Lady Armstrong's frantic appeals.

"He must do what he thinks to be right, mamma," was all she said.

Geordie gave her a set of dull red garnets, "barbaric gems," as he said with a flash of his old spirit, suited to her "wild gipsy style," and a locket with his likeness, which she valued more; and she clung to him and sobbed out her farewell—and yet no word of what was in the hearts of both brother and sister found its way to their lips.

She thought of him as she stood at the altar in her shimmering white robe, with his likeness close to her heart, and for his sake she thought too, with an access of tender, generous feeling, graceful enough in a happy bride, of the girl he had loved.

At that moment, so supreme in her own fate, Feena seemed to realize the lonely, sorrowful story of that other life, and with all her heart she wished Geordie God-speed on his noble errand.

Soon, to Lady Armstrong great joy, came the news that the war was over; the serpent had been scotched, not killed, and the fierce flame was smothered, to smoulder until the next evil wind should fan it into fresh outbreak.

Disappointing news it was to greet Geordie and the gallant men who had sailed with him, on their landing.

There was no chance of service, after all, for them.

The laurels for which they burned had all been reaped.

It was dull, slow work, waiting in hot Madras for orders.

Reaction had set in—the lull after the storm—and it was deadly dull.

The country was too disturbed for moving about, and it was useless to ask for leave.

Geordie, for one, fretted and chafed at the forced, inglorious inaction—he who had counted on the mad excitement, the stern forgetfulness of a different scene, to quench the burning pain of a worse wound than any he could meet on the battle-field—he who had come out with a purpose, which this slow, weary delay might render vain.

It made him almost mad to think of it.

By-and-by there was a change; pale bands of heroes filed down from the seat of war, and the languid pulse of the sun-paralysed city was stirred to welcome them.

"A friend of yours just arrived from Mirzapore," said one of the balked contingent who had come out with him, meeting Geordie early one morning. "Looks awfully seedy too. Mervyn, the fellow, you know, who——"

"Where? When?" cried Geordie, starting up. "Where is he quartered, I mean?"

A quarter of an hour later Geordie was in his old chum's room, looking down, with a suspicious moisture about the eyes, and an uncomfortable huskiness in his throat, upon a thin worn figure stretched on a low couch.

"Why, Armstrong, old fellow, you here! When did you come? Is the old—th ordered out after all?"

"No, I exchanged; and, confound it, all the fun was over when we got out! And here have I been kicking my heels about in this beastly hot oven, doing nothing for a month or more," answered Lieutenant Armstrong, frowning hard in his efforts not to yield to the softening influences besetting him at that moment.

He was standing still aloof; he had not grasped his friend's hand with the cordial grip of old times; he had forgotten to congratulate him on all which had happened since they parted in England.

"Exchanged! What for?" cried Mervyn, sitting up and passing his hand over his eyes, as if to clear his brain.

He was weary and tired, and he was longer than usual in taking in an idea.

Probably that was why he remained unconscious of any coolness in Geordie's greeting.

"What for?" he reposted.

"I will tell you presently," Geordie answered briefly.

"And the old regiment—they are at Southminster," Mervyn said, "or are they at Aldershot? You were under orders for the spring, I believe?"

"Yes, we were at Southminster," said Geordie, "and Southminster is close to Hawarden, you know"—meaningly.

There was no consciousness in Mervyn's glance.

"At Hawarden I met Miss Verney," added Georgie abruptly.

The next moment he was sorry for his abruptness; such a ghastly pallor spread over the haggard face before him.

Geordie clapped his hands to summon an attendant, but Mervyn gasped out:

"No need—no need. I—these attacks—it is so confounded hot! I am all right again now."

But he did not look right.

"The fact is, I am awfully seedy still; that last touch of fever pulled me down unmercifully, and we had a long march yesterday," he explained, talking quickly and, as Geordie thought, in a forced tone. "You—you were speaking of Ha——. What's the name of the place?"

"Hawarden," answered Geordie.

"I never heard of it," said Mervyn.

"It is a village, an insignificant place in itself," observed Geordie. "I merely mentioned it because there I met a lady who, it appears, is known to you—Miss Verney."

"I know no lady of that name," Mervyn returned steadily.

His hand shook a little as he poured himself out a cordial from a bottle on a stand near him, but the sudden pallor of a few moments before had vanished now.

Geordie stared hard and rubbed his eyes.

Was this true?

Mervyn's tones were so calm and steady.

Had that fever obliterated all memories beyond a certain point—Geordie had heard of such cases—or was this man, his own especial friend, whom he thought he knew as well as he knew himself, a scoundrel such as he had read of in fashionable novels, a cold-blooded deliberate trifler, a breaker of hearts for more womanish vanity?

Had Feena been utterly mistaken?

His heart leaped up at the thought.

No; there was Lady Drummond's testimony and Estelle's own.

Geordie's indignation rose as he remembered this last.

"Miss Verney told me she had met you in Paris," he said, with a touch of scorn in his voice. "She is not the kind of person you would very easily have forgotten, even on a slight acquaintance, I should say."

"What kind of person is she?"

Geordie swallowed another throb of anger, and answered:

"She is awfully good and awfully pretty—the prettiest and the best girl I have ever known."

"What is all this, Armstrong? What does it mean?" asked Mervyn suddenly, raising his head, struck at last by something altogether unusual in Geordie's manner. "My head is rather confused; I suppose that is why I do not catch your meaning—if you have any."

He looked straight and fearlessly into his friend's eyes.

The faintness just now was apparently unconnected with Geordie's mention of Miss Verney; it was simply, as he had said, the effect of the heat, and of his weakness.

"I met Miss Verney at Hawarden," Geordie went on; "and I—I saw a good deal of her. She visited at the Drummonds', Beechwood Park—Sir Wilfrid Drummond, you know. Miss Verney is living at Hawarden Rectory. Her mother is dead; and the Wilmers—the Rector and his wife—are friends of hers, relatives perhaps; they seem more on the terms of relatives, now I think of it. The Drummonds introduced me. It was in the course of conversation that it came out one day that Miss Verney and you had met in Paris, at some ball or dance, I understood."

"Well?"

Up to this point Geordie had been swept on by the overwhelming force of that righteous indignation, which makes the cause of the right the cause of every honest and true man.

Now, for the first time, he hesitated before those pale set lips, and the stern, almost haughty question of that "Well?"

It struck him all at once that there might be something in this perplexed story to be counted on Mervyn's side—something in the tangled skein which even the hand of friendship must unravel delicately.

A hot flush mounted to honest Geordie's forehead, and he faltered again before the repetition of that "Well?"

He was a straightforward, honest-hearted, blundering young man, quite destitute of the kind of fine tact needed to conduct such a case as he had undertaken.

He could only go right on and make the best of it in his own way; but his tone was more gentle and conciliatory now.

"You have no remembrance of Miss Verney?" he recommenced.

"I did not say," returned Mervyn.

Geordie stared; his indignation was rising again.

"I merely stated that at the present moment I know no lady of that name," corrected Mervyn. "I—but"—his anger rising in his turn—"will you tell me what the deuce it is to you?"

Mervyn was dimly conscious that he was being treated somehow, and for some reason, as a culprit—that he was being put on his trial, so to speak.

This, with the suddenly-aroused anguish of the old wound, which would not bear the lightest touch even yet, fired his languid blood.

"What is it to you? Why are you catechising me on my acquaintance? What is all this, Armstrong?"

What was it to him?

How was Geordie to answer?

Could he tell him:

"I love this lady with such a disinterested, devoted love that I am determined to win back for her her happiness, even by trampling my own heart under foot to reach it?"

How could he say this, or how could he, without saying it, justify his "catechising?"

Would not what he counted a sacred mission seem, in the light of any other explanation such as he might invent, but an impertinent interference which it would need more than his friendship to justify?

Whilst he was struggling with these thoughts, Mervyn spoke again, this time in a hard, dry tone:

"You have heard something, or guessed something; you may as well hear the story as far as it concerns me. I did once meet a Miss Verney in Paris, as you say, at a ball, and—elsewhere. I met her very often. I knew her very well—at least, I believed I did. The lady you speak of cannot be the same. My Miss Verney"—he stopped and laughed a harsh bitter laugh which grated uncomfortably on Geordie's ears—"the Miss Verney I know," he corrected, "married some months ago."

"Married!" echoed Geordie.

"Are you sure? There could hardly be two. Mervyn"—excitedly—"there is some mistake."

"I think not," answered Mervyn coldly. "I saw the bridegroom-elect, a splendid *parti*—no less than a duke; rather the worse for wear, it is true, but the genuine thing for all that"—the bitterness was there again—"as rich as a Rothschild, and as splendid as a grand Vizier. Oh!"—impatiently—"the orthodox brilliant match—not the sort of thing a young lady would let slip through her fingers, having once caught! It was advertised all through Paris."

"Was that why——" Mervyn," cried Geordie, beginning, blunderer as he was, to see daylight through certain obscure hints on Estelle's history which Feena had collected from Lady Drummond and Mrs. Wilmer together, "tell me, what was this Miss Verney like? Describe her."

Describe her! What! Drag up from the grave to which he had consigned it, in his stern anger, that memory whose very ghost he had laid but now! Force himself to withdraw the veil from that picture which lay shrouded like the face of a dead love in the locked chamber of his secret heart! He shrank from the task. But, at Geordie's bidding, the sweet young face, girlish and tender as a Hebe by Greuze, pure and earnest as a Raphael Madonna, rose up before him.

Did he dream that he had forgotten? The buried memory was amply avenged. Not a solitary line or curve, even not a tint or a shadow in all the fair dear picture but suffered loss or change: they were all there before him, as he had seen them last. Must he catalogue them for Geordie's indifferent care—the tender violet eyes, the sweet fresh lips, the pure white brow, framed in clinging tendrils of chestnut hair the shy soft blushes which came and went over the delicately-outlined cheek?

"'A fine woman—a fair woman—a sweet woman,'" he quoted, with the wistful scorn of the jealous Moor.

"Yes, the woman who looked like an angel, and—and—— But never mind. What do you want to know?"

"Her name—her Christian name!" demanded Geordie.

"Her name? Let me see," answered Mervyn, with a poor pretence of uncertainty and indifference.

"Her name was"—he paused an instant before uttering the word which it angered him to find had power to thrill him still—"Estelle. It was French—like her heart," he added bitterly.

"Supposing," echoed Geordie, starting up and crossing the room to Mervyn's side, then suddenly turning to pace the floor in the uncontrollable restlessness of agitation, "your Miss Verney did not marry the duke?"

"Oh she married him!" answered Mervyn almost brutally. "She would not have retreated. She was too well officered!"

"But supposing," persisted Geordie, "that she mutinied, challenged her commanding officer, and deserted, rather than marry the old brute—what then?"

"Then," answered Mervyn, his heart beginning to beat wildly, in spite of himself, "there are other things difficult to understand."

"Supposing," cried Geordie, hurrying on in a wild excitement, "that she had an attachment to which she stuck faithfully all through. I beg your pardon, but all through a good deal, you know. Supposing that she refused the duke and—and everybody else," added poor Geordie, "and offended her aunt, and came back to Hawarden"—Geordie wheeled round and marched straight up to Mervyn at this point—"to wait for a fellow who by some unaccountable mistake believed she had thrown him over?"

"Stop!" cried Mervyn, grasping his friend's arm with a shaking hand. "Armstrong—Geordie—is this true?"

"True?" echoed Geordie. "Yes, as true as herself! By George," cried the young fellow, as eager and enthusiastic as if he had been pleading his own cause, instead of that of a rival, "she is the finest, the noblest, and the truest woman in all the world! Hallo, Mervyn, old fellow! What is the matter now?"

Mervyn's head had dropped forward on to the table before him.

"Why did you not tell me all of this before?" he groaned. "It—it has come too late!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"TOO LATE," exclaimed Lieutenant Armstrong as he lay tossing on his sleepless couch that night—"too late? It can't

be too; in she'n't be too late! Christie is a magnanimous creature—one word to her of the true state of things and she will surrender her claims.

"It is hard on Christie too"— remorsefully—"but, if there is to be a question of breaking hearts, better one than two. Christie is a fine character. I don't believe a word Feena says about her; women never do understand one another, and little Fee is jealous.

"Jealousy sees everything through a distorted medium. I know Christie thoroughly; it will only be necessary to tell her the story. Mervyn can't do it, of course; his tongue is tied; so it rests with me. And, by George," cried honest Geordie, "I'd rather be shot, if I had the choice — which I haven't."

Geordie had interest at head-quarters; he exerted it the next day, and succeeded, to the envy of his comrades, in getting the charge of an escort appointed to meet a detachment of wounded discharged from horpital, on their way down country, from Mirzapore.

Geordie had seen the list of names and he then knew that Christie was one of the two.

Though Geordie did not actually repent of his self-imposed mission when the half-way house at which he was to meet his charge was reached, yet he would rather have faced a whole line of mutinous Sepoys than the pale-faced little lady who held out both her hands to him with such a cordial welcome from the cool verandah.

"Geordie, is it really you? Why, this is a delightful surprise! I could not have hoped for such a piece of fortune. Synolda" —to her companion—"this is my very dear cousin Geordie Armstrong. We are in good hands from this moment."

Geordie hung his head and looked like a raw ensign just joined. He felt like an assassin.

There was a happy light in Christie's eyes which told of a triumphant secret; and Geordie, whose perception had quickened of late, could read it like a book. His hand was to stab this innocent joy to the heart. Perhaps, if he had not fortified himself by the remembrance of another face with a great wistful patience in its outlook, his courage would have failed him now at the eleventh hour, and he would have left the wrong he had vowed to see righted to some other champion.

"I heard that you came out," said Christie, with that faint rare flush of roseate light which did duty for a blush, and which was so beautiful over the snow-whiteness of her face; "but I did not expect to see you so soon.

"I thought of finding you in Madras, and was looking forward to that happy ending of this tiresome journey."

"I went to Sir Charles and asked for the order," Geordie remarked.

"How good of you! Now tell of them all at Woodford—my uncle and aunt, and dear Feena. I am so delighted at her news; it has made me so happy. And you left before the wedding? Feena would make a lovely bride.

"I wish you could have told me me all about it. You were stationed at Southminster, and you have been to Beechwood. Tell me all about Feena's home. I have so longed for details; it has seemed to come so suddenly. Sir Wilfred I know; he is charming."

"Yes, I was at Beechwood," Geordie began, coloring to the roots of his hair. "I——" Here was the opening made for him, yet he left it pass with pusillanimous procrastination. He would not have so skirted the cannon's mouth if it had yawned across the path of duty. "Yes, I was at Beechwood," he repeated in an embarrassed, strained tone.

What had happened to him? He was coloring and stammering like a schoolgirl, and his eyes did not meet Christie's with the frank cordiality of old times.

A quick suspicion darted into her mind. Could Geordie be—disappointed? she knew that that he must have heard from Mervyn of their engagement, settled two or three weeks ago at Mirzapore, in Mervyn's first days of convalescence.

Was it this which had changed him? Had he come out with other hopes than those of service? They had been little lovers in their childhood—Christie and Geordie—and there had always been in his tone towards her more of cousinly chivalry and admiration than brotherly regard; but Christie had never been sure that she could count Geordie amongst her conquests.

The cousinly freedom and familiarity had perhaps been as the waters of Styx in their relation—they had made him invulnerable. Still Christie was far too experienced not to know how appropriation by another enhances the value of a woman and develops latent proclivities.

She had never seen Geordie so embarrassed and ill at ease before. Was it that he was resentful, mortified at finding that he had come too late? The thought was soothing and gratifying to Christie, who had often chafed and puzzled over Geordie's resistance.

She handled him very tenderly — all the soft play of voice and eyes which made Christie so irresistible was exerted to soothe him.

But Feena's arrow had shot home. Geordie, who had so often been under the subtle spell without suspecting it, all at once woke up to the consciousness that Christie was then coquetting with him. With him! Geordie had been indignantly incredulous of Feena's charge against Christie.

The siren's spell had lulled him to sleep; he was sublimely simple and unsuspicious by nature too.

But now to be forewarned was to be forearmed, and it was with some amused wonder that he detected Christie's little play. At another time the sensation would no doubt have been pleasant. To be petted, almost caressed by a pretty woman — and Christie was very pretty, Geordie admitted —to have his sherbet mixed by the whitest of hands, and his weariness soothed by the softest of cooing voices, and the sympathy of the loveliest, most expressive dark eyes in the world—all these are seldom disagreeable to a man. But Geordie's eyes had been opened and the spell was broken. The soft allurement only hardened his heart and made his difficult task easy.

If Christie won Mervyn from Estelle in mere wanton vanity, such as Feena had ascribed to her, and such as seemed to him to rule her conduct now, then he need have no compunction in calling upon her to relinquish her prize.

He would appeal to her generosity, to her pride. Were not Mervyn's lips sealed? He had no fear of breaking her heart—the facile heart which could amuse itself with fresh conquests even at such a moment. It was astonishing how wise, how virtuously indignant, honest Geordie had become by the reflected light of Feena's wisdom. And the best of it was that he was fully persuaded he had made the discovery entirely by himself, and by his own unassisted intelligence.

Christie had drawn his chair into the coolest corner of the verandah, she had bathed his hot forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and refreshed him with food and cooling drinks; now she brought a low seat to his feet and sat there with the invariable little scrap of needlework—which made Christie look so womanly and so harmless — in her own hands.

"Now tell me about them all — the dear home-people," she said.

"Synolda" had retired leaving the cousins to their confidences, with a little suspicion of her own too that Geordie was some sulky disappointed suitor who had to be coaxed and cajoled into good humor.

Christie was smiling up into Geordie's face, innocently unconscious of the deadly thrust he was meditating.

He blurted it out in his awkward straightforward way, impatient of her detected wiles.

"Christie," said he bluntly, "did you know—no, you couldn't, though, but I am going to tell you—that, when Mervyn got knocked down that time at Woodford, he had an at—that is, there was a young l dy to whom he was engaged, and that he had just left her in Paris."

"Yes, I — knew it," answered Christie slowly.

The smile was gone out of her eyes, but the fingers which held her needle guided it through the strip of muslin as calmly as before.

"You knew it!" exclaimed Geordie.

"Yes," she repeated. "Why do you tell me this now?"

She was puzzled, clever as she was. That Geordie should have dragged up that old story, to serve his own ends, to produce a breach between herself and Tempest, was of course simply and utterly impossible; she was incapable even of suspecting him of such a treacherous baseness.

"I tell you now, because this young lady has rights which you will be the first to acknowledge," answered Geordie.

"How is it," replied Christie quietly, "that you, of all people in the world, have constituted yourself the defender of her rights?"

Geordie colored hotly; it was a home-thrust, unconsciously as it was made.

Christie saw his confusion, and a new light dawned upon her.

The lines about her thin red lips tightened she held her eyes fixed upon her work, lest Geordie should see the anger which kindled them.

"What are her rights to you more than mine?" she asked' with just a touch of irrepressible bitterness in her beautiful soft voice.

"Or rather are not mine more to you than hers? We are cousins." Then she stole a glance at Geordie and saw that his broad forehead was puckered with uneasy thought and his eyes fixed in a troubled gaze on vacancy.

"If you know that old story—which surely might be left between Tempest and me, whom it most concerns," she said — "you know that that young lady forfeited what you call her rights — renounced them, I ought more properly to say."

"No—no!" contradicted Geordie eagerly.

"Yes, it is so," persisted Christie, still controlling herself.

"I do not know the source of your information; it may be the young lady herself" — drawing her bow to a venture; "but mine is an unimpeachable authority — Captain Mervyn's own. Is that enough to satisfy you? A matter of this kind would generally be considered too delicate for the handling of even the nearest relative, but" —and here her glance softened—"you may have a notion of a duty towards me, you who represent all my belongings on this side of the water—and"—she held out her hand to Geordie—"I will accept what you have said on this ground and thank you for your zeal mistaken as it happens to be. Is not that prettily said?" she added, with one of her irresistible smiles.

Geordie took the little white hand, silver thimble and all, into his big one, and looked down upon it with a vague distrustful sense of being tampered with and cajoled. Christie went on—

"The woman who could desert the man whose love she had just accepted, when he was sick and in trouble, can surely have no rights for you to defend."

"But it was not so!" cried Geordie. Christie, there has been a horrible mistake. She did not desert him—she was true as steel; he heard some story of her marriage —a mercenary marriage—and believed it; she was in the hands of an aunt, who was no friend to Mervyn, and wanted her to make a splendid match. She held out, and got away at last, and went back to England. But Mervyn had left then; he was furious at what he thought her falsehood; he was deceived throughout."

Christie slowly drew away her hand.

"How do you know all of this?" she asked.

"I know her," answered Geordie. "I met her at Beechwood. I heard it all from Lady Drummond, who then knew her mother."

"And you have told this to Tempest Mervyn?"

"Yes, I have told him."

"And he?"—"He——" Geordie hesitated.

Christie did not turn pale; she was too white already; but Geordie paused before the sign of an agitation which startled him.

"Christie," he said gently, "you are a good woman; you will know what is the right thing to do; it is not for me to suggest."

"Do you come to me from Tempest Mervyn?" She was standing erect now, with a passion in her burning eyes, in her low firm voice, which took Geordie entirely by surprise. "Did he send you to me" he demanded.

"Good Heavens, no!" cried Geordie. "It is I who appeal to your generosity, your sense of right, your—— What can Mervyn do or say? There has been an unhappy, miserable mistake."

"There is no reason why it should go on, why two lives should be wrecked."

"Yours?" Geordie stared blankly at her.

"Yes, mine. There has been a mistake, as you say—a mistake which must be fatal to some one; why should that some one be me?"

"You?" Geordie began; but she waved him into silence with a sweep of her hand. Her little figure seemed to tower above him, as he leaned helplessly back in the long rocking-chair; her eyes blazed with a passion he had never suspected to be latent in their depths.

Could this be the soft, smooth, self-contained Christie he had always known? She was absolutely transformed.

"I will not be the victim of this mistake," she said.

"If she has 'rights,' so have I. Am I to blame for the deceit, the mistake that turned his love away from her and gave it to me? Why should I suffer then? What has she done for him that can count against my work and my love? The life which I won back from the brink of the grave, the heart which I taught to hope and to believe again are mine—mine, not hers. Do you think I will surrender what I have so painfully gained? And her love—what is it to mine! The pink-and-white girlish milk-and-water creature, who knows no more of love than a tame household cat!"

"You have seen her!" stammered Geordie, half scared by this outbreak.

"Yes, I have seen her!" answered Christie scornfully.

"Do you think that I could not single her out from all the other woman in the world? Do you think that there was no instinct of hatred which warned me when she crossed my path? Now, if you are her messenger, you can go back to her and tell her that you have failed in your mission, that what I have won I will hold against her and you and all the world!"

Geordie felt that his mission had failed, as she said. He rose up crestfallen, perplexed, and sad.

"I am not her messenger," he replied. "What I have said has been entirely from myself, and at the instance of no other person. I thought a great wrong was being done.

"I believed you were ignorant that you played a part in it. I thought— in fact," he concluded hastily, "I was quite mistaken. I must ask you to forgive me if I have been indiscreet."

She held out her hand; she was calm again now; only a quick heaving of the white handkerchief on her bosom showed that the storm had been.

It was a strange feeling, that with which Geordie took the little velvet-soft hand in his once more, the sort of sensation which might thrill through a man who accepted in amity the sheathed paw of a tigress who had just shown him her claws. With a curious conviction that, as Feena once said, the fair white flesh covered bones of steel, he found himself handling the soft yielding palm.

"We are friends again then?" Christie whispered in her softest, sweetest tones. "We are friends, Geordie, are we not?"

"We are more," he replied lightly—"we are cousins."

He did not mean much by it; he had had a shock, and his ideas were confused. He could not quite yet reconcile himself to this new rendering of Christie; he was not sure that they were friends; he fell back involuntarily on the relationship. That at least was unchanged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLAYING HAZARD.—They were all coming back from Monte Carlo, says the London *World*, and they played "hazard" with three strangers in the railway carriage. Luck ran against them; and, late in the afternoon one of them picked up one of the dice, and critically remarked:—"Hallo! there are two sixes on this chap!" The senior stranger promptly seized the suspected cube, inspected it, and simply observing, "How unfortunate! another——misprint!" threw the bit of ivory out of the window. The tourists did not play any more.

Scientific and Useful.

SPONGE PAPER.—A patent has been taken out in France for the manufacture of sponge paper. It is made by finely divided sponge with ordinary pulp. It absorbs water with avidity, and retains it for a considerable time. It is found especially useful by surgeons, and it has already received a technical application.

TESTING COAL OIL.—Place a small sample of the oil to be tested in a cup partially immersed in a vessel of water, and having placed the bulb of a good thermometer in the oil, heat the water gradually, and as the temperature of the oil rises apply the flame of a burning taper to its surface, and note on the thermometer the degree at which it inflames. This should not occur below 120 degrees Fah. Many of the standard oils inflame only at temperatures 150 degrees or higher.

TO PLATE WITHOUT A BATTERY.—To plate small articles thus: Digest a small fragment of gold with about ten time its weight of mercury until it is dissolved, shake the amalgam together in a bottle, and after cleansing the articles coat them, uniformly with the amalgam. Then expose them on an iron tray heated to low redness for a few minutes—the mercury volatilizes, leaving the gold attached as a thin coating to the article. The heating should be done in a stove, so that the poisonous mercurial fumes may pass up the chimney.

WOODEN WHEELS.—To render the action of shock on wooden wheels of carriages less injurious, a German inventor, bends the spokes, giving them a certain elasticity. The wheels are made of the best ashwood. The spokes, after cutting, are steamed and bent in iron presses, then dried at a moderate temperature. The curvature is made different, according to the carriage and load; it is least in the middle. Special modes of connection with felloe and tire are adopted, giving great strength and durability, and allowing of old or damaged spokes being removed, and good ones substituted. The system is patented in Germany.

EBONY FROM SEA-WEED.—Common sea-weeds which are thrown up so abundantly on the shore. In addition to their uses as a manure, and for packing, quantities are now converted into artificial ebony. The process consists in first treating the plants for two hours with dilute sulphuric acid, and then drying and grinding them up. To sixty parts of this product, five parts of liquid glue, five parts of gutta-percha, and two and a half parts of india-rubber are to be added, the two latter being first dissolved in naphtha. Afterwards ten parts of coal-tar five parts of pulverized sulphur, and five parts of pulverized resin are added, and the whole is heated to about 300 degrees Fahr. When cool, a mass is obtained which, in color, hardness, and capacity for receiving a polish, resembles ebony, and is much cheaper. This material is now actually made on a large scale, and used for nearly all the purposes to which ebony can be applied.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—A mash composed of two-thirds wheat bran and one-third corn meal for solids, with hot skim milk for liquid and fed in the morning when about blood heat, makes a good breakfast for poultry, especially for laying hens. Oats and buckwheat for mid-day feed, and corn and oats for supper are excellent for poultry. Clean, fresh water is a very essential article. The above feed is recommended for poultry when the ground is frozen and covered with snow.

CARROTS AND BEETS.—In Europe the carrots is grown to a great extent for feeding to cattle in the winter months. Roots of some kind are fed the winter through to the cows. An Iowa raiser of Jersey cows says he is accustomed to feed carrots, of which he usually raises 600 bushels per acre. Carrots increase the flow of milk and improve the appearance and quality of butter. Beets are preferable to carrots for increasing the flow of milk; the milk, however, which is produced from beets is not as good for butter.

FERTILIZERS.—A successful farmer says: I use fertilizers on everything, because I find it pays; cherry trees, plum trees, in fact all kinds of trees, for fruit and gooseberries, currants, etc. I had some of the largest currants on some old bushes I ever saw, by applying fertilizers around the roots in the fall. The reason is, fruits take from the soil a great amount of acids, more, a great deal, then our soils naturally can produce, hence after a while the root buds with young shoots and your bush begins to grow to wood, the old stalks dying from want of the elements to sustain them. That is the reason rotation of crops is better than continued repetition unless you feed the soil.

MEALY BUGS.—When these first make their appearance upon window or greenhouse plants, commence the attack. It is not difficult to keep them under if taken in hand at their first appearance. Keep a small bottle of strong alcohol or benzine, with a camel's-hair pencil fixed to the cork, and when a mealy bug is seen, give it the least touch of the liquid. We have of late years used nothing, applied (so to speak) with a pointed stick. Whittle a piece of soft pine down to a very sharp point, keeping several such sticks in handy places about the greenhouse. Whenever a mealy bug is seen, impale it on a pointed stick and remove it. It is very easy if you begin early and keep the mastery.

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 18, 1882.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"WON BY WEALTH," "A SHADOWED LOVE," and "STRANGERS STILL."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

PAST AND PRESENT.

We talk about the age of romance as if it were a thing of the past, and when our poets sing of warders keeping midnight watch on the battlemented walls, and signal fires flashing out of the gloom, and the tocsin tolling in the ivy-mantled tower, and solemn monks chanting requiems, our modern life seems very tame and uneventful. And yet the men and women who lived in ancient days were as commonplace as we are, and their lives were much more precarious and uncomfortable.

Ages hence, when our posterity look back upon the events of this nineteenth century, there will seem to have been no element of romance in this active, progressive, inventive period—nothing to stir the blood in remembrance of what we have accomplished! Was there ever such a revolution in any fifty years before?

Did it ever enter the fancy of an old dreamer that the earth would one day be belted with wires, flashing intelligence from continent to continent, and bringing the ends of the world into almost instantaneous contact?

Is there anything in Arabian story more marvellous than the telephone? Merchants receiving orders from distant customers and answering back through an orifice in the wall; music in one city reproduced simultaneously in another city, hundreds of miles away; men in distant cities talking to each other along the bottom of the deep.

We send men down to the bottom of the deep clothed in submarine armor; and they wander about among old wrecks, looking into the deserted cabins, and collecting the ingots of gold and silver which have been lying there since the day the ship sank into the waters, and sending up the recovered treasure to the surface.

Other men go off careening through the clouds, and sailing above the clouds, where the earth is all unseen, and there is nothing below them but a fleecy sea of vapor, and nothing above and around but the infinite space.

We turn our telescopic glass towards the sky, and study in their minutest detail the craters of extinct volcanoes in the moon, with all their lights and shadows, and count and measure the ragged spots on the distant sun, and watch the revolution of the moons of Jupiter, and the beautiful coloring of the great rings of Saturn, and resolve the far-off nebulæ.

Then we take the microscope and investigate at our leisure the marvellous beings and exquisite forms of vegetable life that lie concealed in a drop of water, or a particle of mould, and even in a grain of sand.

If we would cross the ocean we subsidize the strange and mighty forces that are latent in coal and water, and make the vapor propel us.

And thus we might go on recounting the triumphs of science in this nineteenth century, and will any one pretend to say that, whatever strides in advance our posterity may make, the age which has given birth to so many wonders will not be looked back upon as an "age of romance."

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE reforms recently introduced in the French schools and colleges provide that memory shall not be cultivated to the neglect of other faculties, and that the intelligence shall be opened in a way that will make pupils think for themselves.

To avoid whatever ill results the association of pupils at recess might have, the School Board of Lincoln, Neb., passed an order early this year dispensing with recesses altogether, and shortening each half day session by the space of time usually given for intermission. The plan has worked well. Light exercises in gymnastics at regular intervals prevent dulness and weariness in the pupils.

IN one of the new theatres in London now approaching completion there will be a photograph gallery, where the portraits of visitors can be taken by lime light. This is a capital idea, and many people, especially ladies, will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to be taken in evening dress, the facilities for which purpose are not at present great. A photograph is pre-eminently a thing done in a hurry, and on the impulse, and few people would send a ball-dress to the photographer's the day before and put it on by daylight in his boudoir; while the other alternative of driving in evening dress through the streets at noon is still more distasteful. Quite naturally you go from the dinner-table to the theatre, and in the same dress from your box to the operating room.

THE young men of this country who have been flouncing the edges of their ulsters with the mud from their heels, will be pained to learn that it is not a street or walking garment at all. English authority—which, in consideration of the English origin of the ulster, should be final—says that it is purely and simply a traveling coat. Its place "is not the pavement, but outside the coach or carriage, or inside the railway car when the weather is cold."

LABOUCHERE says in *Truth*: "The Parisians have found out how to make false eyelashes. I do not speak of the vulgar and well-known trick of darkening the rim round the eye with all kinds of dirty compositions, or the more artistic plan of doing so to the inside of the lid. No, they actually draw a fine needle, threaded with dark hair, through the skin of the eyelid, forming long loops, and after the process is over (I am told it is a painless one) a splendid dark fringe veils the coquette's eyes."

THE consumption of absinthe is said to be on the increase in the England. A chemical examination of this dangerous beverage shows that it contains a poisonous oil which is very injurious to the nervous system, and is called wormwood oil. Other oils, such as peppermint, cloves, cinnamon and anise seed, are added for flavoring, while the color is produced by nettle juice, spinach or parsley. One of the results of absinthe-drinking is a terrible form of epilepsy. An instance is recorded in which a man, who was known to be a large consumer of absinthe, was picked up in a public street in an epileptic fit. His convulsions lasted four days and nights until death followed. During the last few hours of life his face became almost black.

A MAGAZINE for the blind, called *Progress*, was started in April last in London. It is published monthly by the British Blind Association for Promoting the Education and Employment of the Blind. It is in the Braille type, which is a character consisting of raised points, now used very largely by the blind. The special articles are diversified by poetry and notices of events of general interest. It tells well for the increase of general education among the blind, that there are a sufficient number to support a magazine of this kind, especially when it is considered that thirty years ago there were probably not twenty blind people in the kingdom who could read the Braille type. The paper on which the magazine is printed is embossed on both sides from stereotype plates, prepared by the blind themselves; which method of printing has been for some time adopted in all the works, musical as well as literary, published by the association.

ACCORDING to the French papers, recent operations at the Bourse in Lyons have been of so exciting a character that many speculators have gone mad. "Within a few days," one says, "so many lunatics were brought from the Bourse to one private madhouse that the director did not know how to dispose of them. His perplexity was all the greater because they fancied that they were still at the Bourse, and insisted on doing business with the other patients, and with the servants and officials. At last it occurred to the director to set up, in a remote part of his institution, a bar like that which is placed in the Bourse for agents. The effect on the patients was immediate; they rushed to the bar, and began to invite each other to buy and sell. Thus the whole day passed; and not until evening, when they had exhausted themselves, would they consent to be taken to their rooms. Since that time the institution has been quieter, with the exception of the sham bourse, where the lunatics daily win and lose millions."

IN a letter to the *Madras Mail* on the use of gigantic sea-weed as a protective agent for shores, the Master-Superintendent of Madras gives the following interesting sea-serpent story: "About fifteen years ago, while I was in my ship, at anchor in Table Bay, an enormous monster, as it appeared, was seen drifting, or advancing itself round Green Point, into the harbor. It was more than a hundred feet in length, and moved with an undulating, snake-like motion. Its head was crowned with what appeared to be long hair, and the keen-sighted among the affrighted observers declared they could see it open its mouth, and distinguish its features. The military were called out, and a brisk fire poured into it at a distance of about five hundred yards. It was hit several times and portions of it knocked off. So serious were its evident injuries that on rounding the point it became quite still, and boats went off to examine it and complete its destruction. It was found to be a specimen of the sea-weed above mentioned, and its stillness after the grievous injuries inflicted was due to its having left the ground swell and entered the still bay."

SAYS a writer in a Chicago paper: "I wonder how much right men have nowadays to rail at women for extravagance? Let us figure upon the outfit of this man who comes this way, with a gay swing, softly whistling an air he caught at the opera last night. He swings a cane which cost five dollars; there is a silk hat worth seven dollars; his collar, twenty-five cents; scarf, two dollars; scarf-pin, thirty dollars; fall overcoat sixty-dollars; shirt, four dollars; undershirt, two dollars; coat and vest, seventy-five dollars; pantaloons, fifteen dollars, accessories, four dollars; shoes, nine dollars; seal ring, forty dollars; watch, chain and seal, two hundred and fifty dollars. How much have we? About five hundred dollars. He is only in his business suit, and he hasn't got his diamond studs in his shirt, and wears a cheap pair of sleeve-buttons. The average woman on Fifth Avenue does not represent a greater investment, diamonds excepted, and she has a faculty of having her dresses made over; whereas our lord of creation spurns a renovated coat."

IT seems almost impossible to believe the accounts of the severe injuries from which the brain sometimes recovers. An instance is related in which a Frenchman drove a dagger through his skull with a mallet, in an attempt to commit suicide. He struck the dagger about a dozen times. The weapon, which was five inches long and one wide, was nearly embedded. In order to remove the dagger, the patient was placed on the ground, and while two strong men held his shoulders, the instrument was forcibly pulled with carpenters' pincers, but all to no avail. Strange to say, these proceedings did not cause any pain, and although patient and assistants were raised off the ground, the weapon remained immovable. At last the man, walking without much difficulty, was taken to a coppersmith, and there the handle of the dagger was fastened by strong pincers to a chain, which was passed over a cylinder turned by steam power. The man was then secured to rings fixed in the ground, and the cylinder set gently in motion, when, after the second turn, the weapon came out. No pain had been suffered by the patient during all these manœuvres, and after remaining in the hospital for ten days, he returned to his work, and the wound gradually healed.

THE *Medical Record* has the following: "A physician of Erie, Pa., is training homing pigeons for use in his practice. Some of his young birds, put upon the road to make records for distance, have made very good time—namely, fifty miles in ninety minutes, sixty-six miles in eighty-two minutes. Homing pigeons are largely used by country physicians, both here and abroad. One doctor in Hamilton county, N. Y., uses them constantly in his practice, extending over nearly two townships, and considers them an almost invaluable aid. After visiting a patient he sends the necessary prescription to his dispensary by pigeon; also any other advice or instruction the case or situation may demand. He frequently also leaves pigeons at places from which he wishes reports of progress to be dispatched at specified times, or at a certain crisis. He says he is enabled to attend to a third more business at least through the time saved to him by the use of pigeons. In critical cases he is able to keep posted by hourly bulletins from the bedside between daylight and nightfall, and he can recall case after case where lives have been saved that must have been lost if he had been obliged to depend upon ordinary means of conveying information."

A LITTLE DEED.

A little spring had lost its way,
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

The Red Moor House.

BY A. H. R.

IT WAS IN the days of stage-coaches, and before the wondrous power of steam had caused a journey of two or three hundred miles to be considered a merely moderate day's travelling, that the events narrated in this story took place.

Early in December of the year 182— the frost set in with extreme severity, and rendered a three days' journey, from London to the distant towns of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, exceedingly difficult and dangerous.

Not but that the several stage-coaches on the road were well-appointed, and their officials civil and experienced; but that, although the traveling might be sufficiently agreeable and invigorating whilst the daylight lasted, it became a totally different affair when darkness set in, and the cold increased in intensity nearly to the temperature of Siberia.

Then, too, there was the bivouacking—for it could scarcely be called more—at cheerless roadside inns, where a frosty welcome was afforded by a half-asleep landlady and a surly hostler, lantern in hand—unless, indeed, as sometimes was the case, the prospect of extra fees caused those individuals to be a little more active and obliging than usual.

It is certainly true that most of the stage-coach proprietors so timed their arrangements as to provide for their vehicles stopping for the night at some of the large provincial hotels, where a cheery landlord, a buxom hostess, spruce chamber maids, and a profusion of rounds of beef, noble cheeses, and tankards of spiced ale, were no undesirable objects in the eyes of cold and hungry travellers.

Still, there were times when, from the distance between the regular stages, bad weather, or unforeseen accidents, it was necessary for the coach to stop for the night at some one of the numerous small public houses which crop up everywhere by the roadside in England.

It might have been about a fortnight before Christmas of the season mentioned, and between eight and nine o'clock at night, when the "Tally Ho" stage-coach from London to the Yorkshire towns was making its way as best it might across one of the Yorkshire moors, towards its destination.

It was no easy task for the driver, experienced though he was, to keep his horses in the beaten track, amid the numerous snow drifts which, like so many pitfalls, lay all around as traps for the unwary traveller.

There was no sort of landmarks to guide him—nothing to be seen but a vast, dreary waste of white, amid which stood out at intervals the bare black trunks of a few pollard oaks, all looking precisely like one another.

The glare from the snow, aided as it was by an occasional gleam of the moon struggling to force herself through the heavy clouds by which she was surrounded, afforded a sort of fitful and uncertain light, which was all beside the stage-lamps that the driver had to direct him.

But John Dodson, the best hand at the reins between London and Newcastle, nothing daunted, kept on his horses as if he were on the high road, and beyond an occasional remark volunteered to his friend, the guard, over the roof of the coach, that "it was a darned nasty night, sure-ly," betrayed no sort of uneasiness.

Save the coachman and guard, there were no outside travellers. The "insides" were three in number—a lady and two gentlemen.

The lady, Miss Catherine Farquhar, was from six to eight and twenty years of age, of a highly intellectual countenance, although, like most intellectual persons, not what would be called handsome. She was almost enveloped in a valuable set of sable furs, which would seem to denote that she was wealthy.

Catherine Farquhar, however, was poor. She was a governess, and on her way to the house of a lady of rank, residing a few miles beyond York, whose daughters she was engaged to instruct.

The furs were a gift from the parents of a former pupil. The gentleman who occupied a seat by the side of Miss Farquhar was a man not much under forty, and he also was of a very intellectual appearance. He was, in short a high class-man of Oxford, and, like Miss Farquhar, was proceeding to Lady Betterton's house, to act in the capacity of tutor to her only son.

Mr. Hartley was arrayed in the usual clerical black, and wore the usual blue spectacles which appear such a *sine qua non* with "professors" of all grades and ages. He and Miss Farquhar had been strangers until they commenced their journey; but with the usual facility of well-bred persons—they were both of good family—they had already become perfectly at ease with each other, and were beguiling the tedium of the journey by a conversation on topics of mutual interest.

Their *vis-a-vis*, the third occupant of the coach, was one of those numerous persons to whom it is almost impossible to assign a station in life.

He was a powerfully built young man, somewhat under thirty, and from his dress might at first sight be taken for a prosperous farmer or grazier.

But on closer observation there was a sort of spruce flashiness about him which is not usually seen in either of the callings alluded to. His necktie, of a gaudy color, was fastened by a rather valuable brilliant pin, and on his large, but well-formed white hands there sparkled a ring or two. The mixture of Newmarket and Newgate about him was, in short, not easily to be described in words, and it would appear that his companions looked upon him with distrust, as they but rarely spoke to him, and when they did so, it was mostly in reply to some question he had addressed to them.

For some quarter of an hour or so the passengers had kept silence. The lady and her clerical companion, apparently occupied with their own thoughts, had relapsed into that sort of reverie which is often indulged in at the close of a long conversation. The younger man, with folded arms and closed eyes, had composed himself, as if for sleep, in the farther corner of the coach. A close observer, however, would have noticed that he was in reality engaged in watching his companions, and especially the lady, on whose dress he frequently cast a scrutinizing glance.

Suddenly the coach, which for the last ten minutes had been jolting from side to side in a peculiarly uncomfortable fashion was brought to a standstill, and immediately the guard descended, and tapped at the window, which was let down by Mr. Hartley. A breath of icy wind rushed in, which made the teeth of the three passengers chatter in their heads.

"Here's a go, gentlemen!" said the guard, with a broad grin on his burly face.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Hartley, rather impatiently, for the cold was intense.

"Well, sir, Jack, the driver, don't know where he is!"

"Not know where he is?" exclaimed the three passengers.

"Not a bit on't. He's travelled this here road nigh forty years, and never lost his way afore," repeated the guard, with a triumphant chuckle, as if the whole affair were a remarkably good joke.

"Whatever is to be done?" cried Miss Farquhar.

"Why, Miss, I doan't know. We're pretty well ten miles from the nighest stage Jack Dodson guesses, and even if we knowed where we was, the 'osses is dead beat, and the gray mare's cast a shoe."

Here the younger of the inside male passengers asked, abruptly:

"Have we passed the Red Moor yet?"

"Oh, lawk! yes, sir—two miles or more, as far as can be guessed by this 'ere mask of snow, which hides the country; and the driver says the drifts is getting more dangerous every moment, 'cause of the falling snow."

"I know an old farm house at the lee of the Red Moor," continued the seeming grazier, "where I am slightly acquainted with the people, who would, I think, give us and this lady a shelter for this inclement night."

The guard looked at the speaker with more interest than he had yet displayed, and said, inquiringly:

"You know the country then sir?"

"Yes, and could set the driver right; but it is no use, for if the horses are dead beat they cannot go ten miles in such weather. We must return to the farm house."

"I do not really see what else is to be done," said Mr. Hartley, with a perplexed air. "It is quite certain that we cannot stop here all night, if only for the lady's sake, and it is equally certain that to proceed is impossible."

The guard bobbed his head from the window, and disappeared to consult his colleague. Almost immediately he returned.

"Jack Dodson says as that's the only place, gentlmen; but he can't tell how to find the way."

"I'll show him," replied the young grazier, drawing his wrapper firmly round his throat, and buttoning his coat tightly.

And he descended briskly, and took his seat on the box, by the chapfallen coachman.

The horses' heads were then turned, and the party retraced their steps.

No sooner had they commenced the backward journey than Miss Farquhar, turning abruptly to her companion, said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hartley, but are you not of the opinion there is something very strange about that gentle—that person who has just left the coach? I feel an instinctive repulsion at the sight of him."

"I cannot say I much like him, Miss Farquhar, but people really are not answerable for their looks," responded the other, with a smile.

"N—o—n—o, certainly not," hesitated the lady; "and yet——"

"And yet what?"

Catherine Farquhar did not give a direct reply, but answered this question by another:

"What should you imagine him to be?" she asked.

"To be? Oh, probably some well-to-do young farmer or grazier, with more money than modesty, and who does not entertain a very mean opinion of himself."

"He is—so flashy," continued Catherine; "and that diamond pin and those rings assort ill with a velveteen coat."

"My dear Miss Farquhar, it is not at all uncommon for vulgar young provincial men to be fond of dress and show."

"But that pin must be worth fifty guineas."

"Probably. Bullock selling is a profitable business, I believe."

Miss Farquhar did not pursue the subject, and silence once more fell upon the occupants of the coach.

Presently, after a tedious and protracted scramble through the snow of nearly an hour, the coach stopped at the entrance to a small lane, the banks of which were stacked up on each side by thick masses of snow.

Some little way down this lane two or three lights were seen faintly glimmering, which the travellers supposed to be displayed in the windows of the farm house in question.

"He must know the way well indeed to be able to find it on such a night as this," said Catherine Farquhar to Mr. Hartley, in a half whisper, and with emphasis.

"Oh," said that gentleman, carelessly, "these drover-graziers know their counties well. He has probably travelled it often with his fat bullocks."

They now descended from the coach, and by the aid of a dark lantern, which the guard produced from the boot, that worthy and the three passengers proceeded in the direction of the lights, leaving the coachman to follow them, somewhat more slowly with his jaded horses.

The young grazier led the way, with the encouraging remark now and then to his companions that it "was not much farther."

To the other, however, the distance, though in reality but half a mile down the lane, appeared interminable.

At every other step the luckless travellers went almost up to their knees in snow, and Catherine was at last about to succumb to the drowsy feeling produced by intense cold, and declare that she would rather lie down and die than proceed farther, when the baying of a dog close at hand told them that they had arrived at their destination.

By the faint glimmer of the lights in the windows—more than one of which lights had been extinguished since they first entered the lane—they could barely discern that the house was a long, low, straggling building, of the same style as that occupied by the famous Mr. Squeers, and that it was surrounded by a large number of crazy barns and outhouses.

It was situated in a hollow of the hill, which afforded it protection from the bleak winds of the surrounding moor; but as even in summer time it was an isolated, lonely place, and, indeed, the only human habitation for miles, it may be readily surmised that, blockaded as it now was by the snows of winter, its appearance was desolate in the extreme.

The Red Moor was said by some to be so termed on account of a murder which had taken place there many years previously; but it is more probable that it took its name from the great profusion of heather which covered it, and which was rather of a crimson tint than of the usual purple hue.

In winter, however, it was a bare black waste of litter and bog, except when covered, as now, by a thick white mantle of snow.

Miss Farquhar shuddered when she beheld the grim-looking, shed-like building, and even Mr. Hartley experienced an unpleasant sensation when he felt the thrill that ran through his companion's frame, as she leant upon his arm.

The guard did not restrain his opinion.

"My sakes!" he said, "but this be a black-looking hole!"

"Any port in a storm, friend," said the grazier. "Besides, it is better inside than out."

And he knocked against the door heavily with his foot.

The summons was answered by a tall, masculine-looking virago, whose weird, grizzly locks and seamed face, as they showed themselves in the ghastly light of the rush candle which she carried in her bony hand, rendered her a not unfitting representative of one of Macbeth's witches.

Her first inquiry, pitched in a key which denoted excessive wrath, was—

"Who the de'll comes here, knocking a lone woman out of bed a'e like hours?"

But no sooner had she set eyes on the drover than she exclaimed, in a tone of intense surprise—

"My certie! Joe, is it?"

Probably at some sign from the person she addressed, the virago now changed her note.

"I beg your honor's pardon—I must mistake."

"No apology, good dame; but will you take in myself and these my fellow-travellers for to-night? We have met with a mishap in the snow."

"Take ye in! and that will I! When did ever auld Elsie turn the traveller frae her door, and on sicean a night? Walk in, sirs and madam—walk in, my bonny man (to the guard). For though I'm lone, and the gudeman's e'en gone to York with the kye, I'se warrant, I'll find ye the bit and sup, and the best ye's be glad of the nicht."

Thus speaking, and with a volubility that left no room for a word to be slipped in, she ushered them into her kitchen, or at least, an apartment which answered the purpose, having first directed the coachman, who had now joined them, where he might stable his poor weary horses for the night.

The driver took the lantern from the guard, and proceeded to secure his steeds, and the other wayfarers followed their hostess into the house.

CHAPTER II.

THE dame set before her guests a savory dish of cow-heel and bacon, and bounteously as was the fare, so sharpened were their appetites that all—even Miss Farquhar—made a hearty meal; nor did the latter disdain to taste and to highly praise the very excellent Yorkshire ale which seasoned the repast.

The supper had not long been concluded when the woman of the house rose, saying that she must now see after the sleeping accommodation of the travellers, or at least, prepare a bed for the lady.

The gentlemen, she said must do as they best could with cloaks and a plaid or two in an inner room, which she would presently show them. With this intimation she left the room, to the satisfaction of the weary governess, who felt scarcely capable of keeping her eyes open any longer.

After her departure there was no conversation, for almost all the travellers felt the influence of fatigue.

Even the guard—for they had all supped together, as under such circumstances the distinctions of class were for awhile forgotten—yawned wearily as he sat looking abstractedly at the red cinders of the wood fire.

The only one of the party who appeared to be wide awake was the seeming grazier, and he, after a few minutes, left the room, his departure being unnoticed by the others, who had all closed their eyes, the coachman and guard snoring audibly.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour the passengers returned, followed by the mistress of the house, bearing a tray, on which appeared six steaming glasses of hot brandy and water.

The entrance of the pair disturbed the occupants of the kitchen, who looked surprised at this new addition to their entertainment.

Old Elsie spoke. "She had just maken bauld," she said, "to bring the gentles and the leddy a wee drap o' sperrits to gar them sleep cannily, and troth she wadna be the waur for a toothfu. herself."

Saying which, it was to be noticed that she took one of the glasses in hand herself, handed another to the grazier, and placed the tray with the remaining four upon the table before the guests.

The guard took his readily, and Mr. Hartley also drank half a glassful; but, to the surprise of them all, the coachman would not do so.

"He had a flask of his own," he said, "of which he had taken as much as he wanted whilst he was in the outhouse, looking after his horses."

As for Miss Farquhar, no persuasion would induce her to taste the spirit.

Then observing a frown on her hostess' brow, and not wishing to appear wanting in civility, she added that she was greatly obliged for the attention, but that the one glass of ale which she had taken was quite ample for her wants, and she begged to retire at once.

Accordingly she was conducted, somewhat surlily, by the woman to an adjoining apartment, which, indeed, although appearing cold and cheerless from its whitewashed walls and the absence of a fire, yet contained a tolerable bed.

Miss Farquhar, removing only her dress, after commending herself to heaven, lay down on the couch beneath the bed-clothes, and worn out with the unwonted fatigues of the day and hardships of the journey, speedily fell asleep.

She had slept—as she afterwards said she believed—nearly an hour, when a rat running across her face caused her to start violently from her slumber, with that feeling of vague horror which we all of us feel when suddenly roused from sleep in a disagreeable manner in a strange place.

Her first impulse of disgust was so great as almost to force a scream for her, but by a violent effort she restrained it.

Indeed, the occurrence, which was naturally at first, so repulsive to her, she subsequently considered as providential.

It was some moments ere she sufficiently regained her faculties to remember where she was, and when she did so she became conscious that some persons near her were carrying on a conversation in subdued tones—yet so close at hand that their voices appeared to issue from beneath her very pillow.

Somewhat surprised, and, perhaps, also a little startled, although naturally of a brave disposition, Miss Farquhar turned her eyes towards the bed's head, and then perceived for the first time that there was a sort of chink or crevice in the wall, occasioned by the pulling away of some of the plaster, which had left a couple of laths exposed.

This was the more plainly visible, as her own apartment being in total darkness admitted the rays of light from the adjoining one, which she knew to be the chamber, or kitchen, in which the party had supped.

A little surprised to find that her companions should so far have overcome their fatigue as to be still out of bed, and not a little curious to know what could have detained them from their rest at such an hour, Miss Farquhar turned on her couch, and applied her eyes to the aperture in the wall.

She then perceived that the sole occupants of the kitchen were the mistress of the house and the supposed grazier, who had formed one of the stage-coach party.

The pair were but a few yards distant from the now rather alarmed governess, and she remarked, with inward misgivings, that a close and confidential intimacy appeared to subsist between them.

Both appeared somewhat excited, the cause of which might, perhaps, be the brandy bottle which stood on the table between them.

The quick eye of Miss Farquhar, however, noticed with extreme surprise that the two glasses of brandy and water which she and the coachman had declined taking still stood on the table untouched, as did also the half-emptied one of Mr. Hartley, and this notwithstanding the fact that both

man and woman continually replenished their own glasses from the green bottle.

A cold thrill of horror shot through Miss Farquhar as her ready wit suggested a reason for this.

Were those glasses of which her party had partaken drugged? And if so, was not that the reason why, when the old woman had brought them in on the tray, she had selected two, retaining one, and giving the other to the grazier? Were they, in short, accomplices for the robbery and, possibly, the murder of their guests?

As these thoughts crowded one after another into the governess' brain, she remembered that it had been the seeming grazier who had brought them to this house, and that, though he all but disclaimed acquaintanceship with its mistress, he was yet evidently on intimate and long-standing terms of friendship with her.

As Miss Farquhar thus reflected, her convictions became certainties, and she felt a deadly faintness creeping over her, to which nine women out of ten in her circumstances would have given way. Catherine, however, was not naturally weak of mind, and she remembered that possibly—nay, almost certainly—the safety of the whole party depended on her retaining her presence of mind. Summoning all her resolution to her aid, therefore, she lay intently listening.

By the red glow of the embers which still remained in the kitchen grate, and which were plainly discernible through the crevice of her bedroom wall, Miss Farquhar could perceive that the old woman, Elsie, was resting her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the firelight, as if cogitating some plan, of the advisability of which she was doubtful.

She could also perceive that from time to time the grazier threw a glance, half-imploring and half-threatening, at the landlady.

Presently, the old woman suddenly exclaimed:

"I do not like it, Joe—I do not like it at all!"

"Not like it, missus! Well, you are a sop! Why, the furs alone are worth a cool hundred. Why——"

"Yes, yes; I know that," said old Elsie, impatiently. "I like all that well enough, but I don't like violence."

Catherine Farquhar shuddered.

"Violence!" retorted the man, with a brutal oath. "What, are you turned tender-hearted? Why, they are all as safe as houses, and it's only to carry them out and topple them down the well, and that'll soon do their business."

"But the bodies would be found, at——"

"What a fool you are, Elsie! Why, what's easier than to take 'em when they're dead and lay 'em under the snow?"

"But the snow won't last for ever."

"It will last a good six weeks if I know anything of weather; and when they were found—the bodies, I mean—folks would suppose as they'd lost their way and got smothered in the snow."

"But the coach?"

"Well, we'll put the horses to it and take 'em about half a mile out, and then make 'em upset it in one of the drifts; and then cut the traces and let the leaders off, and as for the wheelers, they'd soon get suffocated; and folks, if they should come across the leaders, would think as the coachman had cut the traces to help 'em off, and so——"

"Ah, and so we'll carry the bodies and bury 'em nigh the coach, as folks should think they'd been upset together like."

"That's it, old girl."

The old woman tossed her grizzled locks back from her seamed forehead, and looking her companion steadily in the face, said:

"Joe, you're a precious villain!"

"Very like," answered the man, coolly taking a whiff at his pipe. "Go on, mother."

"Mother!" thought poor Catherine, shaking as if with an ague.

"And it's what I'd never consent to," continued the old woman, firmly.

The man clenched his fist and half started from his chair.

"No, never!" said Elsie. "Bob 'em if you like, and I'll say nought; but no lives shall pay for it."

It was noticeable that the woman had now entirely laid aside the broad northern accent which she had at first assumed, and Catherine, even in her agony of apprehension, did not fail to remark this.

Then followed some words in a low tone, of which the listener could not catch the purport.

The man was evidently remonstrating with the old woman, and the latter as evidently determined not to be moved.

"Now," thought Catherine, "is the time to alarm my companions."

But how was this to be done?

She did not even know the room in which they slept, and had she done so they would be insensible from the effects of the narcotic which she had now no doubt had been administered to them.

How devoutly she thanked heaven that she had not partaken of the brandy and water.

Then she suddenly remembered that Mr. Hartley had taken but little, and would probably sleep less soundly than the others.

But, again, she reflected that the coachman, like herself, had taken *none* at all.

The thing to be done, then, was evidently to find the sleeping apartment of the driver.

She would have preferred, certainly, to communicate with Mr. Hartley, but this was no time for prudery, when four lives were at stake.

Silently, then, and as rapidly as her cold and trembling fingers would permit her, Miss Farquhar drew on her dress.

She dared not strike a light, although she had a tinder-box—matches were not then in common use—so, with an earnest prayer to heaven for assistance, she groped her way to the door.

But here an incident occurred which almost caused her to die with fright.

The door being rather old and crazy, and the wind high, it was no sooner opened than it slammed with a jar which shook the apartment.

Catherine had the presence of mind to fling herself on the bed, cover herself with the blankets, and feign sleep; and fortunate was it that she did so.

Scarcely had she lain down than the door was reopened, and old Elsie, shading a rushlight with her hand, looked suspiciously into the apartment.

And now, for the second time, the rat which had disturbed Catherine previously again proved her salvation.

The animal had been feeding on some scrap in a corner of the room, and startled by the sudden light, dashed across the floor, upsetting a small box in its course, and rushing under the old woman's feet into the passage.

"H—sh! h—sh!" screamed Elsie, suddenly retreating. Then Catherine heard her reenter the kitchen, and say:

"It were only them darned rats a rioting, Joe."

For several minutes Miss Farquhar did not dare to renew her attempt to leave the room, but at last she ventured to do so.

Using greater caution than before she succeeded this time in effectually opening the door.

But now what a task was before her! In utter darkness, and in a strange place, she had to find her way to a room of the locality of which she was entirely ignorant.

She remembered somewhere to have read that to pause under such circumstances is only to perplex the mind, and to render a difficult task yet more difficult, so she turned resolutely to the right down the first passage which presented itself.

She felt gradually along the wall, which was wet and clammy with ooze, of what description she knew not, and suddenly descended a step with a velocity that nearly threw her on her face.

Recovering herself, she became aware that she was standing almost up to her knees in some warm thick substance, which she judged to be heather.

Where, then, could she possibly have got to? she asked herself.

Another step forward served to enlighten her, for, cautiously as she made it, she stumbled over the back of a cow who was lying digesting her night's supper.

The alarmed creature uttered a sort of surprised groan in remonstrance, but a few soothing words spoken in a low voice reassured her.

Catherine, then, had found her way into the cow-house, which in many rural districts is under the same roof as the dwelling house, and divided from it only by a long stone passage.

The poor governess paused and reflected. It seemed to her that there was nothing for it but to turn back and try the passage to the left.

She resolved to do so, but she had no sooner formed the resolution than she became aware of the sound of foot-steps advancing down the stone passage, and perceived a light looming gradually nearer and nearer.

Poor Catherine felt her blood run cold. Discovery was certain; and discovery was death!

In an extremity of horror she crouched down between the two nearest cows, covering herself as far as she could with their litter of heather, which, as has been said, was fortunately very deep and abundant. Then she prayed fervently, scarcely venturing to breathe.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps, and brighter and brighter grew the light. The governess' heart almost stopped beating, so intense was her fear.

At last, with that singular feeling which impels the criminal on the scaffold of the guillotine to glance upwards at the axe which is about to destroy him, Catherine raised her eyes, and, oh, joy! it was the coachman!

The reaction was too great, and she fainted.

The driver of the coach, with that restless regard for his horses in a strange place which distinguishes all good drivers, had resolved after he had retired to rest to get up again and see in person after their comfort. He could not rest without seeing that his horses were also at ease.

His companions were sleeping soundly; but to accomplish his purpose was very easy, since none of the men had thrown off their clothes, but were merely covered with rugs and plaids for temporary accommodation.

The guard's dark lantern was conveniently close at hand, and so up got honest John Dodson.

However, when he gained the passage he, like Miss Farquhar mistook the way.

No sooner had the horse-loving John entered the shed where he expected to find his steeds, than he rubbed his eyes and stared round him, with an air of utter bewilderment.

"Well, I am darned!" he muttered, "if the 'osses ain't turned into cows!"

And advancing his lantern towards the nearest "milky mother," who sat up on her haunches like a dog, regarding him with a look of unmitigated astonishment, he became aware of poor Catherine's pale, insensible face, as it lay further back, on the side of the neighboring cow.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" ejaculated the coachman, "if it ain't the young lady. What the prophets be she doing here among the cattle, nigh crushed to death? A walking in her sleep, I dessay." Muttering which, he raised Catherine gently from the ground, and proceeded to administer to her a dose from his private flask, of which mention has already been made.

Thus stimulated, the governess revived, and in a few words made her companion acquainted with the dangers which encompassed them.

The good man listened with a countenance in which surprise and indignation struggled for the mastery.

"The murderin' ruffin!" he said. "But never mind, miss; if they have physicked t'others, I'm as good a man as that sneak with the flash pin any day."

"Ah, but," said Catherine, "that woman is a match for two men."

"P'raps you're right, miss," returned the driver, ruminating. "When a 'oman is a fiend, she is a fiend, and no mistake!"

"So that," continued Miss Farquhar, "you must try and rouse Mr. Hartley."

"He's a snorin' like a riginulnt, Miss."

"No matter, you must try. He took very little of the spirits, and may be roused with some effort."

"And you, Miss?"

"I will stay here, said Catherine, firmly. "Cover me up with the heather. I am not afraid of the cows, poor things! Then hasten to Mr. Hartley, and bring him here."

The driver looked at her admiringly.

"Well, you are a plucky one, miss!"

"Lose no time, but go!" said Catherine, entreatingly.

And the coachman departed.

In a few moments Mr. Hartley, much agitated, and still half stupified by the effects of the narcotic, returned with the driver to the cow house, where the brave but trembling governess anxiously awaited them.

It was then decided that the coachman and Mr. Hartley should return to the kitchen, under pretence that they had not enough rugs and plaids to keep themselves sufficiently warm.

They would thus be enabled to see what the plotters were doing. They accordingly proceeded at once to carry out the plan, Miss Farquhar following them at a distance.

To their extreme surprise, they found the landlady and the pseudo-grazier sound asleep, and breathing heavily.

A light burst upon Catherine's brain.

"We are saved!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Heaven be praised, we are saved! They have fallen into their own trap."

Yes! As old Elsie and her companion had grown gradually more and more affected by the spirits which they had taken, they had become unable to discriminate between their own glasses and the two which had been intended for two of their visitors.

They had drunk the drugged brandy, which they had prepared for Miss Farquhar and the coachman!

Mr. Hartley and John Dodson bound the two insensible wretches securely to their chairs, although aware that many hours would elapse before their return to consciousness.

Fortunately, with the morning light came a thaw, and Mr. Hartley despatched the coachman on one of the horses to York for assistance, whilst he remained to protect Miss Farquhar.

There was, of course, no evidence to convict the old woman and her accomplice. No robbery or murder had been committed, and there was but a solitary witness—Miss Farquhar—to speak as to their intention. Old Elsie, therefore, escaped punishment, and, indeed she had never connived at murder.

The man "Joe," however, who proved to be the old woman's stepson, was "wanted" for a previous robbery on the highway, and as that crime was then punishable by the gallows, he suffered accordingly.

In after years—we have it on good authority—when Miss Farquhar became Mrs. Hartley, and the wife of the rector of a large and populous parish, she was often wont, as an illustration of the manner in which Providence brings about important results by the aid of apparent trifles, to relate the incident of the rat waking her from her sleep during the terrible night which she passed at the Red Moor House.

The Two Dreams.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

A BROTHER and sister—the last of their race—dwelt in a large, substantial old house, which had the appearance of having stood for many years upon the site it occupied.

They came of a family which had been wealthy, and traditions of past splendor and hospitality served to while away many a weary hour, as Juliet, seated at her old nurse's feet, listened to her descriptions of what had taken place in the days when Madame Gerand—her paternal grandmother—had there held her kindly if somewhat autocratic sway. But things had changed. The Gerands belonged to that long-suffering race whose record is at once so glorious and so sad—the Jews.

Many years previous, when Reuben was a lad of six, and Juliet a babe, a riot had occurred.

It would exceed the limits of my story to go into the particulars of that terrible time. The Gerands suffered with the rest.

A faithful servant of the family had learned some particulars of the intended invasion of the rioters, and warned his master in time for him to secrete some valuables.

But the mob was upon them before he had time to communicate the chosen hiding place to his wife, and his life was soon ended by a murderous blow.

This proved to be the turning point of the fever heat to which the populace had been aroused.

When they saw the lifeless body of him whose record had been one of munificent charity and of constant and pains-taking kindness among them, all were struck dumb with horror, and slunk away in silent shame, leaving the bereaved wife with her fatherless babes.

She had lingered on in her broken-hearted widowhood for one short year.

Then her spirit went out to solve the mysteries of eternity.

Reuben and Juliet had grown to maturity under the loving care of a faithful old woman, whose life had been spent in the service of the Gerands, and who was as devoted to the orphaned and impoverished children as she had been to the family in its days of pride and splendor.

It was well-known that somewhere in that house were hidden stores of coin and of almost priceless jewels, which had been hurriedly put out of the way upon that fatal night.

But that knowledge did nothing to relieve the present necessity, which stared the little family in the face at the time my story opens.

Reuben and Juliet were partaking of their frugal breakfast.

After a time there came upon them a sudden silence, broken at last by Reuben, who had been for a few moments in a brown study.

"Sister," he said, "what is it that nurse said to you one day about my having a caul over my face when I was born? It went in at one ear and out at the other at the time, but something has occurred to make me think of it."

Juliet's wide dark eyes grew bright with interest at her brother's words, and she answered, eagerly, "Oh, Reu, maybe there is something in it! Nurse says a baby whose face is covered with a caul, as yours was, will have the gift of second sight. Have you ever felt as though you had such a glorious gift?"

"I am not certain that there is anything in it, but I have dreamed the same thing over for three consecutive nights, and today I have an irresistible feeling that I must start out and find the place which I have seen in my visions as clear as I now behold you."

"Oh, brother, go at once! Do not let the day pass, or you may lose the impression."

After a few simple preparations he started forth, followed by Juliet's loving thoughts and wondering imaginations of what might be about to come to her brother through his dream.

For some hours Reuben walked on without any definite object in view, and at last found himself opposite to an ivy-covered wall, within whose massive stonework was set a rusty iron door.

This he had seen in that vision, which must have had some bearing upon his future when even its most insignificant details stood out so distinctly.

He raised his hand and pulled the bell. It was at once answered by an old man, who directly led him without any preliminary questions into his master's presence. In the venerable form which rose at his entrance Reuben recognized the central figure in his dream; the same benignant face with its frame of white hair, and its flowing silver beard, the same kindly but penetrating eyes.

In his hand was a time-yellowed parchment, which Reuben at once knew to be a portion of the Jewish Bible, and which, as plainly as words could have told, proclaimed the venerable man to be a reader of the synagogue.

Reuben afterwards learned that he was in the habit of eking out a narrow income by taking in lodgers. But at the present time the lack of questioning which had characterized his entrance into the house seemed but a part of the other mysteries which were closing in about him; and when old Isaac extended his arms to give him his blessing, after the manner of all Jewish patriarchs, and Reuben bent his head reverentially to receive it, his heart thrilled within him as he listened to the deep voice, mellowed by age as well as by constant practice as a reader in the synagogue.

The blessing concluded, the old man touched a silken tassel which communicated with a bell in some distant apartment, and in answer to the summons a maiden came into the room, dressed in a simple costume of white, out of which rose a stately young head, crowned with shining masses of raven hair, with a face whose wonderful beauty needed only the lustre of the star-like eyes, bent wonderingly upon Reuben, to complete its perfection.

He crossed his hands upon his breast and bowed low as his host addressed her.

"Judith," he said, "we have another guest. See that all things necessary to his comfort are at once attended to."

"Yes, father," murmured the beautiful vision, again glancing at Reuben. "Is it to be for the day or longer?"

The old man, with Oriental courtesy, had refrained from questioning Reuben as to his intentions.

He now turned to him inquiringly, and Reuben, hastened to say, "The length of my stay here depends upon circumstances over which I have no control.

"I have been led hither, and shall go hence under the same guidance."

His words created no surprise, as both father and daughter understood them to have reference to something very different to Reuben's real meaning.

With a low obeisance, the beautiful Judith bowed her queenly head before the stranger guest, and left the room to carry out her father's orders.

Then Reuben told his host who he was, and from what part of the country he had journeyed.

But he omitted to explain why he had come, lest he should be considered somewhat unhinged in his brain, and since he had seen old Isaac's peerless daughter, Reuben had conceived an intense desire to stand well in his opinion.

Days merged into weeks, and still Reuben lingered. Nothing had occurred to give him any further clue as to why he had been led to Isaac's dwelling, and he was beginning to feel that he had indeed come on a fool's errand.

Meanwhile Reuben himself was an enigma to the different members of the household.

To Judith his earnest eyes had a strange charm as they looked out from the handsome face of the youth.

But Isaac was no longer young and imaginative, and it was easy to see that his guest was straitened for means, as well as that he had made no effort to obtain employment.

One morning he said to Reuben, "Son, if it be not considered an undue intrusion upon thy private affairs, it would much pleasure me to know to what guidance thou hadst reference when first my home received thee as its guest."

Reuben flushed. Thus directly questioned, he must tell the truth even though he lost the esteem of the father of her he loved.

Isaac listened quietly and impassively until Reuben had concluded his story. Then he said:

"Son, it is undoubtedly a strange thing that here thou hast found the spot pictured in thy vision, but is it not equally surprising that here all manifestations have ceased? I believe but little in these visitations of the night.

"Did I do so, I might long since have set on a pilgrimage as bootless probably as is thine own; for many a time have my sleeping hours been disturbed with the sight of golden coins and valuable trinkets hid in a trencher underneath the floor of a large, old-fashioned kitchen unlike to any which ever greets my waking eyes.

"But I have ever thought it but a delusion of the arch-enemy of souls to disturb the tranquility of a peaceful life, and I have put it resolutely away."

"My father," interrupted Reuben, agitatedly, as a thought struck him, "perhaps thy dream and mine may have some connection one with another. Else why was I draw hither?"

"True," said Isaac, thoughtfully. "I wonder much that the same idea occurred not to me. This is the house I have seen. It is large, and its material is of a rough gray stone.

"It stands on a piece of swelling land, and is sightly. The kitchen (which is the only room I have made acquaintance with) is one in which many a good meal must have been cooked, as the fireplace is of immense size, and is furnished with all kinds of curious devices for roasting and boiling. It is made of stone, and is banked upon either side by a huge carven shield bearing similar armorial devices. It is paved with huge, flat stones of divers colors, placed so as to form a pattern."

"Your description tallies exactly with that of our kitchen at home," said Reuben, whose face had grown very white as he listened; for he felt sure that the next words would tell of the treasure buried by his father's hands, and then—ah! fortune would again be his, and with fortune he might hope to gain the bride he coveted.

"Beneath the central stone is a large cavity, if my dream is to be relied upon, and within that is a wooden bread trencher filled to its brim with gems and gold."

"It is our buried wealth! Juliet and I are no longer poor! I am as sure that there will we find the treasure our father hid away from the ruthless eyes of the approaching mob, as that the sun shines in the heaven to-day.

"Ah, father, the fates have been kind to me in bending my steps hither. Still," the youth hesitated; but gaining courage he went on: "There is another treasure which I covet, and at thy hands. Without it, all other gifts of fortune will be to me null and void. I love your daughter, and if you will promise her to me as my wife, I will serve for her as faithfully as did Jacob of old for his beloved Rachel."

Isaac looked at the youth in amazement. Reuben met his glance respectfully, but firmly.

At last the old man said, tremulously. "So my one ewe-lamb is coveted, and I am to be left alone? Ah, the world is full of Naboths! Knows the maiden aught of this?" and he turned upon Reuben with an almost angry expression.

But Reuben's answer appeased his sudden wrath. "Thinkest thou I would dare to have breathed my love into a maiden's ear while my prospects had remained thus meagre?

"No; I have scarcely dared to hope to win Judith, much less to speak of love to her. But now, oh, father, if my suit is accepted, I will devote my life to making her happy."

Isaac thought deeply for a few moments. Then he held out his hand to Reuben.

"I will be thy friend," he said, "and will not my thee 'my' if so be that what is as yet based upon a dream proves to have been built upon a foundation of reality.

"We will journey together to thy home, and there we will test the truth of what we hope exists. Until then all remains between Judith and you on the same state in which it was this morning."

The treasure was found as indicated by Isaac's dream, and the fortunes of the Gerands were again in the ascendant.

Soon the fine old house was no longer situated amid grounds that had run wild from neglect, but all around it was made to blossom like the rose.

Newly-furnished and refitted, it opened its hospitable doors to a beautiful young mistress not many months later, and the people were divided in opinion as to which carried off the palm for beauty, the sprightly Juliet or the queenly Judith. But the rivalry only existed outside of their home. Within doors love and harmony prevailed. For Judith and Juliet were sisters in heart as well as in name.

The Nut Gatherers.

BY BERTIE HAYLE.

IT WAS nutting time.

A blooming band of peasant children had gathered from far and near to have a merry day amid the nut trees and hedges.

I say children—but girls of fifteen and lads of eighteen and twenty were scattered through the chattering group. The fairest of these was Rika Bremer—the acknowledged beauty of the whole surrounding country.

And there was a romantic story about her going the rounds. It was said that no less a personage than Prince Eric, the son of the great and good Gustavus, had been standing one morning by one of the palace windows to witness a rustic procession which had been gotten up in honor of some important victory, recently won by his famous father.

As he stood gazing listlessly out, his eyes brightened suddenly, and he turned to an attendant and whispered a few words which caused him to hasten away. When he returned he was not alone—Rika was with him.

Prince Eric's beauty-loving eyes had been attracted by her as she had stood amid a group of other maidens, looking at the gayly-dressed columns of her countrymen filing by. She, too, was in holiday attire.

Confused and blushing, she now awaited the Prince's pleasure. She dared not raise her eyes to his face. Had she done so, she would have been overpowered by the earnestness of the gaze with which he regarded her.

From the moment his eyes rested upon Rika's face the world held but one peerless woman to him. It mattered not that his younger brother, Duke John, was even then in another kingdom wooing for him a royal bride upon whose brow rested a diadem whose splendor far exceeded that one which he was to inherit upon the death of his father. No. In that moment Elizabeth of England was forgotten. The peasant maid who stood before him had become the queen of his fancy.

"Thy name, little one?" he asked.

Rika raised her eyes to the handsome, earnest face, but dropped them timidly as she met his glance.

"I am Frederika—the forester's daughter—your Majesty."

"Nay, not yet crave I that title, maiden. Young blood must have its vent, and I am glad to know that the cares of government are not soon likely to rest upon my shoulders, broad though they be."

Rika curtsied respectfully, but did not reply.

Her shy modesty added to her beauty in Eric's eyes.

"Where liyest thou, Frederika?" he asked, softly; "for I would well like to send thy father a commission to fell some trees which much interfere with the comfort of the King's hunting parties in the forest."

This he said, knowing intuitively that it would startle Rika had he given her his true reason and said that he intended to start out himself in quest of fairer and more precious game—which must be ensnared in tenderer toils than those at the command of the keenest sportsman at his father's court.

After a few words more he suffered Rika to go. But the sweet memory of her presence went not with her. It nestled deep within his heart.

After this interview scarcely a week passed that did not find Eric's steps turned in the direction of the forester's cottage. A glass of milk from Rika's own white hands was the draught most preferred by the royal hunter, although out of courtesy he would sometimes accept a mug of mead from the sturdy old father. Matters were in this stage at the time our story opens.

The nuts were gathered, and the merry groups had dispersed to their various homes with the understanding that they should meet again the next day and go together to the palace and dispose of their treasures.

The next morning found them on their way, dressed in their best, as befitted so eventful an occasion in their usually monotonous lives; for royalty has such a glamor to untutored eyes that the mere sight of the walls in which shut it in is eagerly coveted.

It was a pretty sight to anyone who might have been stationed at the window, to see that blooming procession of neatly dressed lads and lasses, as they wended their way along with many a merry laugh and jest, until at last they halted in the great square before the palace.

But to the watching eyes of the Prince—who had received a hint of the coming of the nut gatherers—there was but one face worth looking at among that throng.

"Come," he said to the courtiers who were standing near, "let us go down to the square in a body and make the hearts of those merry rustics even merrier to-day by exchanging some coins for the nuts they have with them."

A Prince's suggestion never lacks for listeners nor for followers; and soon the rich toilettes of the court people were scattered about amidst the crowd in the square.

Eric's steps were turned at once towards Rika. He soon possessed himself of her nuts, and after paying for them lavishly in golden coin, he took from an inner pocket a locket and chain which he gave to her, saying, "Wear it for my sake. There is no one who would look fairer in it. You ought to be a queen, little Rika, and I will yet make you one."

Before Rika had time to realize aught but that his words had filled her heart with a bewildering sense of happiness, he had gone, his gift alone remaining to prove that she had not been dreaming.

But she soon came to her sober senses. It was well known that King Gustavus had been holding negotiations with the maiden Queen of England, to induce her to bestow her jewelled hand upon his elder son, and it had reached Rika's ears. Such a thing had been known as a maid of low degree being wooed and won by a royal suitor.

But she would listen to no words of love from one whose hand was as good as given to another.

Thus she thought as she walked slowly homeward.

So the next day a little barefooted boy—the child of a neighboring farmer—was sent to the palace by Rika with Prince Eric's gift carefully tied up in a piece of linen cloth cut from the corner of a web which she herself had woven from flax raised from the seed, and prepared by her own deft hands.

Could the unconscious trinket have told Eric that Rika's bright eyes had lingered lovingly and regretfully upon it, and that she had pressed it to her red lips again and again, it might have lessened his chagrin in receiving his present back again.

As it was, it only kindled anew his determination to win Rika for his own, be the consequences what they might. It should not be said of him that a lowly peasant girl had given him—the Crown Prince of Sweden—such a rebuff.

He threw a large cloak over his rich court suit, and thus disguised he mounted Olaf—his favorite hunter—and hastened towards Rika's home.

Hot anger was contending with his love for the rustic beauty as he rode along. But when he at last reached the borders of the cleared patch of land in the forest which held the little cottage, had dismounted from his horse and tied him to a sapling, and found himself standing at the door awaiting his answer to his rap, all was forgotten but the thought that he was soon to gaze upon the beautiful face which had haunted his fancy so persistently since fate had first brought it before him.

Rika opened the door and stood for an instant in glad surprise, gazing up into her lover's face in utter forgetfulness of the difference in their stations.

"Ah! little one, thy face for once tells me all that I wish to know. Thou lovest me! I see it in those eyes."

And before Rika had time to retreat he caught her to his heart and imprinted passionate kisses upon her trembling lips.

She drew herself from his encircling arms and stood panting like a frightened fawn. Then she threw herself at his feet, and clasping her hands entreatingly, she said:

"Oh! most noble Prince, let it not be put against thy record that innocence and virtue received no respect at thy hands. Go, I entreat you! Should my father return and find thee here, he would surely first kill me, and then kill himself in shame and despair. Oh, go!"

"I mean thee no harm, Rika. I love thee; and when one loves he hurts not the object of that love. To win thee, I will give up my heirship to the crown to my brother John, and while he wears the diadem upon his brow, I will content me with love and happiness with thee.

"Not so, noble Eric," said Rika, firmly, "if thou wouldst make such a sacrifice, I, for one, will not be a party to it. After such a marriage—entailing, as it would, so much loss—love would prove but a transient guest within our home. Reproaches would drive the fickle god away."

"Tell me the truth, Rika," interrupted Eric, with passionate earnestness; "do you love me?"

"So well that I would rather die than know that harm would come to one so noble through any influence of mine."

"And yet you refuse to make me happy?"

"I refuse to work your ruin, noble Prince. The present is not all of life. But see, the sunlight has already reached the middle point of your dial. In ten more minutes my father will be here. If thou wouldst shield me from harm, go."

"I will obey now; but I will not promise to give up the hope which lured me hither. Farewell for a time, most obdurate maiden!"

Then with a long, lingering, regretful look, the Prince turned and departed.

Days and weeks passed on. At last came a time which was to plunge the nation in mourning. The good and great Gustavus was stricken with a mortal illness. He died, and was laid beside his kingly progenitors, and Eric was the reigning sovereign in Sweden.

Young, impulsive, and his own master, with his heart filled with but one image, is it to be wondered at that he suffered no obstacle to debar his union with the maiden of his love after the days of his mourning were fully accomplished, and that the pretty nut girl of Sweden became its crowned Queen?

Search the annals of history, and you will find the romantic story of the marriage on record, adding still another folk-tale to those the country maidens tell over to each other at that witching time between daylight and starlight, when all nature is going to rest, and young hearts are attuned to sympathy with all true lovers.

EASTERN PARABLES.—That there are more ways than one of seeing everything is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture, in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man said to the tiger: "Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?" The tiger gave answer: "The painter was a man. If a tiger had been the painter then the drawing would not have been in this manner."

Rochefoucauld says: "How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him, you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?" Beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: "I have now a thousand rupees which I will bury out of the city; and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself." They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after, the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money was safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this stratagem. Going to him he said: "A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow we will go together." The friend, coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the kings of Persia sent a skilful physician to the Prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed and complained, saying: "They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions; but to this day no one hath taken notice of me, that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed." Mohammed replied: "It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating while they have a good appetite." The physician said: "Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health." He then made obeisance and departed.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts, and lowers and degrades his better nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honor as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An Eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian knew that a peasant had come upon buried treasure in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest, being excessively avaricious, determined that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off its skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread, and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the peasant's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: "Who's there?" "The evil one!" replied the priest; and demanded that the moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain his visitor was none other than he represented himself to be, and in great terror, he took the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. "I've lived before now without money," said he, "and now I'll go on living without it." The man seized the money and hastened home. "Come," said he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before any one sees it." She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when [illegible] howled: "Oh, it hurts! don't cut, don't cut!" She began ripping the seam open in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. "And all that they tried," adds the legend; "all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail; the goat's skin remained clinging tight to him as the same, and evidently did punish him for his greediness.

HOW PINS ARE MADE.—A sharpish, little machine pulls in the wires, bites them off by means of a scissors, one hundred and forty bites a minute, and just as it nips each bit it gives a little hammer, with a cone-shaped face, hits the ends of the wire two taps and "upsets" it to a head while it grips it in a certain sunk hole between the teeth and lays it sideways in a groove, where lovers and springs, playing like lightning, point the pins, and where they are dropped into a box. The pins are then polished and two very interesting processes remain every crooked pin. Another automaton asserts half a dozen lengths, and a perfect genius of a machine brings the pins by the heads and transfers them to a series of paper, and by one movement sticks them all through two carried ridges on the paper, when the work is finished. The pin machine is one of the nearest approaches to the dexterity of the human hand that has been invented. It is about the size of a sewing machine, which it closely resembles.

Our Young Folks.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

BY LYDIA GODDARD.

BUT this Egyptian cat was a more wonderful cat than the Puss in Boots that one has heard of from childhood, for she had once been worshipped by the old Egyptians, and when she died had been made into a mummy, which, perhaps, accounted for a sort of stiffness about her joints that she could not get rid of, and which caused a certain clumsiness of movement not appertaining to ordinary cats.

This awkwardness was somewhat increased by the cat's wearing a pair of ancient yellow slippers some sizes too large for her.

A cat in slippers!

"Where do you come from?" asked Abdallah, raising himself on one elbow, and gazing at the strange apparition.

Abdallah was stretched full length upon the ground, howling dismally because of the great misfortunes that had befallen him. He had lost his father, his mother, his brothers, his sisters, his home, and all the belongings that might have been his.

The Nile and the crocodiles had taken them, and he was gazing over the placid waters dotted with palm-trees, and uttering doleful yells.

"I come from the tombs," replied the cat in a sepulchral voice. "I have been a mummy for three thousand years, and it is but fair I should see a little of life again."

Abdallah ceased howling, sprang up without delay, and though he had nowhere to go, he turned and fled.

"Pooh!" said the cat, keeping up with him, though in a somewhat shambling fashion. "Pooh! What is the use of running away when I have come on purpose to help you?"

But Abdallah, panting fearfully and overcome by terror, continued his flight.

"Pooh!" said the cat. "The Cadi will take you for a runaway."

At this Abdallah suddenly stopped, for he remembered that he had been summoned to appear before the Cadi at a certain hour, two Hadji having solemnly declared that he was the son of one of their slaves.

"One must be swearing falsely," said the Cadi.

But though Abdallah knew that both were doing so, he knew also that it was a matter of little moment, as he should certainly be delivered up to one of them. The Cadi would never believe on his word that both could be wrong.

"And there's no one left belonging to you?" observed the cat.

"No one," answered Abdallah.

"And there's nothing in the world belonging to you?"

"Nothing."

"All the better," returned the cat. "I will be father, mother, family, friends, and fortune to you all in one if you will do as I direct, and make no demur at anything I say.

"And by doing so you will find yourself better off than you ever were in your life."

By this time they had reached the gates of the city.

Coming to a bazar, the cat and Abdallah looked round to see what there might be for sale.

There were wares of all kinds, some useful, some ornamental, some very beautiful. The cat fixed her eye upon a shawl of gold embroidery enriched with pearls, so precious that no one could afford to buy it.

"This shall be an offering to me Cadi," said the cat.

"But I have no money; I cannot pay for it," replied Abdallah.

"That is of no consequence," returned the cat. "Have I been worshiped by thy remote forefathers, and been a mummy for three thousand years to no purpose?"

Then, turning to the trader, she asked the price of the shawl.

"Three millions of piastres," was the reply.

"Pooh!" ejaculated the cat contemptuously, "Three thousand! Think you I am to be cheated?"

The trader looked indignantly at the cat, and flung the shawl far away into a corner, where were a pile of mats and carpets. Then he called some others, and they all talked vehemently together, and looked angrily at the cat and Abdallah, putting their hands occasionally on the hilt of curving knives and Abdallah began to get frightened that he had brought the cat to leave the bazar.

"Pooh!" said the cat. "What do I care for their anger; I who have been a mummy?"

But Abdallah, not having been a mummy, felt very nervous.

Presently the shawl-dealer came stealthily across to where the cat was standing.

"Two millions of piastres," he whispered, "and that, O cat in slippers, is not the half of its value."

"Pooh!" answered the cat. "One million is more than it is worth."

Again the shawl-dealer retired and talked angrily with his companions, darting fierce looks at Abdallah. Then again he moved forward.

"Is it a bargain, O cat in slippers?" he whispered.

"This is the bargain," returned the cat; "thou shalt take this shawl to the Cadi, and shalt say to him, 'The Sheik Hamed sends thee this shawl for the sake of his grandson Abdallah.'

"And who is to pay the million of piastres" asked the dealer.

"Do as I command thee, or it shall be the worse for thee," replied the cat. "Have I been worshiped by thy remote forefathers, and have I been a mummy for three thousand years to no purpose?"

When the dealer had heard that the cat had been a mummy, he drew back with reverence and made a slow salaam, trembling even as Abdallah had trembled.

Then he consulted with his companions once more, and they no longer looked fierce; but overcome with awe, fell on their knees saying—

"It is just and right, O cat in slippers. It shall be as thou dost command."

Abdallah thought to himself that there was no justice in the matter; however, being as much in fear of the cat as of the dealers, he said nothing, and waited to see what came next.

To his surprise the shawl-dealer set out a little table with cups of coffee, of which not only the cat, the dealer, and himself partook, but the other dealers also.

After this the shawl-dealer carried the shawl to the Cadi, presenting it from the Sheik Hamed for the sake of his grandson Abdallah, for whom he desired the Cadi's favor.

The Cadi was overcome by the splendor of this gift; and he called together those who were around him, and asked—

"Who is this Abdallah? And who is Sheik Hamed?"

But no one could tell him, as no one had ever heard of them.

The cat and Abdallah, having left the bazar, strolled along the streets, and soon met an Arab leading a horse covered with gorgeous trappings.

Crowds followed to look at the beautiful creature, whose size, strength, and speed were said to exceed those of any horse in the world.

Vast sums had been offered for it, but the Arab had declined to sell it.

The cat paused to look at it.

"Yes," she said meditatively, "it is a splendid creature. The Cadi shall have it."

Abdallah glanced wonderingly at the cat, but the cat took notice of him; she turned to the Arab.

"Lead thy horse unto the Cadi, and say that the Sheik Hamed has sent to him this noble steed for the sake of his grandson Abdallah, for whom he begs protection."

"Why should I do so, O cat in slippers?" answered the Arab.

"The horse is worth many fortunes, I cannot part with it."

"Do my bidding," replied the cat, "or it shall be the worse for thee. Have I been worshiped by thy remote forefathers, and have I been a mummy for three thousand years to no purpose?"

When the Arab heard that the cat had been a mummy, he became so agitated that in endeavoring to make a salaam he fell to the ground, and had much difficulty in raising himself up again.

When he did stand once more upright, he said in a faint voice—

"O cat in slippers, thy commands shall be obeyed!"

Now when the Cadi received this second present for the sake of Abdallah, he was more astonished than ever, and could not understand it all.

"This Abdallah," said he, "must be a person of importance. We must find him out in order to do due honor to him."

But just as this was being said by the Cadi, Abdallah found himself suddenly deserted by the cat, and in the clutches of two officers of justice, who were dragging him before the Cadi, in order that it might be decided to which of the Hadji he belonged.

It was in vain for him to resist: the officers were fully persuaded he was a runaway slave, so they brought him into court, where the Hadji Mahmoud avowed in the strongest terms that he had lost him for six months, and knew him by a scar on his arm.

Then Hadji Hassan avowed with equal earnestness that Abdallah ran away from him three months before, and that he knew him by a mark on the left ear.

And then the Hadji swore together so violently that the Cadi had to command silence while he considered the case.

"Who art thou?" he asked, turning to Abdallah.

"I am an orphan. My father, mother, and family are all drowned or eaten by crocodiles, and there is no one left to take care of me.

"But I do not belong to either of these men. You have no right to detain me here."

"This youth is my slave," said Hadji Mahmoud. "He does not speak truth. I say that he belongs to me."

"He speaks falsehood; and so does Mahmoud," said Hadji Hassan. "The youth is mine and mine only."

"Hast thou any to witness to what thou hast said?" asked the Cadi, looking towards the unfortunate prisoner.

"None," replied Abdallah, in a very frightened voice.

"Yes, thou hast one," said a voice from the crowd, and behold the cat in slippers, coming forward suddenly among those assembled, made her way to the Cadi.

"O Cadi, these Hadji have sworn falsely, but the youth hath spoken truly.

"And though he knows it not, he is moreover Abdallah, the grandson of the Sheik Hamed.

"Have I been worshiped by thy remote forefathers, and have I been a mummy for as many as three thousand years, and to no purpose?"

When the Cadi heard that the cat had been a mummy, he believed at once that the youth was indeed Abdallah, in whose name he had received such magnificent gifts.

Therefore he at once entranced him, and ordered the Hadji to be punished.

But the Hadji had opportunely made their way out of court, and although the officers sought for them diligently, they could not be found.

"Since thou hast no father," said the Cadi, "I will be one unto thee until thy grandfather claims thee.

"Thou shalt be my right hand, and I will adopt thee as my son."

"That is as it should be," said the cat, approvingly. "Abdallah will be in the place of honor for which he is intended, and the wealth of the Sheik Hamed shall descend to him in due time. Fear not, O Cadi, to do as thou hast said, for thou shalt be rewarded.

The news soon spread through the city that Abdallah, the grandson of Hamed, was found, and that the Cadi had kindly decided to adopt him.

At the same time the cat visited the shawl-dealer, and the Arab, and paid them such enormous sums of money for the gifts to the Cadi that they revelled in wealth for ever afterwards.

Then the cat paid a last visit to Abdallah, still wearing her slippers.

"Abdallah," said she, "I have now done for thee what I promised, and so we must part.

"Thy grandfather will never claim thee, but when he descends to the tombs I will see that his possessions shall be thine."

"O cat in slippers," replied Abdallah, "how can I show thee my gratitude?"

"By doing thy duty in the paths that I have marked out for thee, by dealing justice and mercy to all who come before thee, and by keeping thy tongue from falsehood. If thou art ever in dire trouble beyond thy power to conquer, mew three times, and I will be with thee.

"But call me not lightly, for I need long repose, and care not to wake again for another three thousand years."

Then the cat in slippers turned away, and Abdallah never saw her more; for everything went so well with him that he had never any occasion to mew three times.

When his grandfather's possessions came to him, he said piously—

"Rest in peace for ages, O cat in slippers. I will not trouble thee again."

UNDER THE TREES.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A BRIGHT autumn afternoon, verging towards the sunset time; a village street, elm-shaded, and sleeping in the lengthening shadows of the sunshine; a white cottage, verandahed, bow-windowed, ivied, and porched, standing at the "country end" of the street.

In the cottage door stood Susie Wilmot, her pink cheeks deepening in color, and her dark gray eyes flashing with a strange expression, half fun, half fear, as she watched a light-covered carriage, driven by her own husband, that dashed past the door, and turned into the hill-road that led only to the Worlington Farm.

Richard Dalton stood by Susie Wilmot, chatting somewhat absently about village matters and people.

He too saw the carriage, and with some surprise noticed that a slender female figure (that seemed to shrink aside, behind Dr. Wilmot's portly frame, as he turned to look) occupied the seat where Susie was often seen, sharing her husband's rounds.

He noticed also Susie's heightened color, and her lingering gaze after the carriage.

Was anything wrong between these two dear old friends of his early days?

Jealousy, doubt—what was it in the look with which Susie followed those swift chariot wheels?

And Jack Wilmot had not greeted him as usual as he passed—and not even seemed to see his pretty wife.

Surely he had driven much faster than even his usual break-neck pace; and the guilty start—he shrinking aside of the veiled lady—he had noted it, and Susie must have done so too.

Was sorrow coming to this home after only two years of married life, as it had already come to his home after three?

"Richard, I must beg something of you," said Susie, while he stood musing. "Those syringas which Emmie planted near your parlor-window and the front porch would look well in our garden.

"I suppose you will sell your farm now and go west, as you used to talk of doing before you married Emmie. Why won't you let us transplant those syringas to this house?"

His fair Saxon face turned crimson all over, and his blue eyes flashed fire.

He restrained himself, but could not answer her.

He bowed, left the gate without a word, and began to ascend the hill-road towards his home.

Dr. Wilmot's gig dashed by him again, but he did not look up.

She, Susie, his schoolmate, and her dearest friend after his marriage, he could speak in that light flippant way of the friend on whose face she never expected to look again of the wife who had left him for ever, only six short months before.

The Worlington farmhouse was soon before him, lifting its square red walls, and its brown moss-grown roofs against the grey-green background of the steep morning, and the black-green massing of the distant woodlands, in the rear.

Its many wide-spread windows glittered brilliantly in the setting sun.

The great front door stood open also.

The house-dog lying there came forward to greet his master, and to hail the sunning horse; an arm-chair on the porch, looped down, and round it her half-grown kitten and trotted after Rover.

Richard Dalton patted the great head of the mastiff.

Puss jealously reared on her hind legs, and liked the caressing hand that stroked her velvety fur; the grey kitten leapt to her master's shoulder, and purring loudly rubbed her round cheek against his blonde beard.

Something in those mute but joyous welcomes swelled the heart of the young man with mingled grief and gladness.

The water stood in his eyes as he caressed his favorites, and looked round upon the nobly-growing harvest that made the wealth of the Worlington Farm.

Meanwhile, Doctor Wilmot's light carriage after paying a few village calls, dashed in at the side gate of the cottage, where the boy-groom awaited it.

The doctor hurried into the house.

His pretty wife met him in the passage with a kiss; crying out at the same time—

"Oh Jack dear, I was so frightened! Only fancy! He looked straight at her as you drove by, and yet did not see her. Was she scared?"

"Trembled like a leaf, and hid behind me, though I whispered her sit up and look unconcerned."

"And where is she now, dear? Under the syringas, I hope; for I said something that will be sure to send him there."

"In the favorite old place—down under those tall syringas that she planted."

"When are you to go for her, Jack?"

"At dusk. We'll have tea first; and then you must go with me, Susie, and persuade her to come here for the night, instead of going back to town. If they don't happen to meet to-night, we must make them meet to-morrow.

* * * * * * *

Tea was over at the Worlington Farm.

The "chores" were done, both within and without the house.

The front of the whole house was carefully closed and shuttered.

The windows of the porch-room were open, a shaded lamp burned softly on the centre table.

The master's arm-chair stood beside the table; his book and the evening paper lay side by side on the cloth.

A woman stood afar off, under the last of the syringa-trees in the flower-garden, looking up the sloping lawn at that scene of warmth quiet and respectability, with a saddened longing glance.

She looked scarcely twenty.

Her form had the slight and graceful roundness, her face the fresh rich mysterious beauty of early girlhood, although for nearly three years she had been a wife—a wife who had not been happy, even in that beautiful home—a wife who had broken her vows, and set aside all her bonds, only to find, when it was too late, that her longing freedom had been merely girlish extravagance and folly, and that the "life" for which she had so yearned and prayed might as well have been lived within the safe seclusion of the Worlington Farm, as out in the cruel heartless world, that world of which she was so tired.

She had rejected love and home, only to find, too late, that they were the sweetest things on earth.

Both love and home she had forfeited of her own free will.

And now, on the eve of sailing for a foreign land, where by menial toil, she hoped to win her bread, she had come to take one last look at the paradise which she had so foolishly lost.

Susie Wilmot and her husband had helped her to do this, and they had promised to keep the secret faithfully from Richard till after she had gone.

Would he care if they told him when she was well on her way back to the city? she wondered.

With clasped hands and tearful eyes, the lonely wanderer had stood a long time drinking in all the beauty of the scene.

But now the harvest moon was shining brightly, the church clock in the village below the farm struck nine.

Emmie felt her heart suddenly tighten and expand.

Doctor Wilmot had not yet given the signal of his arrival from the brow of the hill.

One look more—the last! Oh fool that had been, to lose wilfully so kind a husband and a home like this!

"Oh Heaven, keep him—guard him! Make him happy even if I can never be!" she murmured, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Dick—my darling Dick! Heaven bless you and good-bye!"

"Emmie! It is coming! Find your spirit!" cried Richard Dalton, springing up from his post under the young syringas, where he and Emmie had planted on their wedding-day.

He rushed forward, but cloud that said.

But the light from the open window of the porch-room streamed full upon the lovely face, all tears, and smiles, and blushes now.

The dark eyes looked up at him, with a loving, yearning gaze which it was impossible to mistake.

He asked no further questions.

She volunteered no explanation.

Their hearts rushed together as their lips met; and never since have they been parted by one moment's doubt or distrust.

"THE truth is," said Mr. Haberdasher, as he leaned back in his easy-chair and put his foot up on the desk, "the girls are lazy, and if we give them stools to sit on they would shirk their work and loll around half the time. I never encourage habits of idleness. 'By industry we thrive,' you know. Jack, here, hand me the paper and then run over to Mr. Lure's and get me half a dozen of the best Havanas at 10 [illegible]. When he settled himself so the [illegible] would fall well in the [illegible] of his back, and proceeded to look over the "Political Outlook," while the boy went and, "Certainly, sir," and went back to his duties.

Grains of Gold.

Let the suspecting always be suspected.

Do not interrupt another when speaking.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

Fame has, like the Hebrew verb, no present tense.

A cheerful face is the sunlight of the household.

As any one is more wise, he is more sparing of his censure.

That age only was called the Age of Gold in which gold was unknown.

The proof of a strong will is its graceful surrender on proper occasions.

It is a good rule to expect no more of others than we expect of ourselves.

A rudeness is worse than a crime; it is a blunder, because it is so easy to be polite.

There is nothing useless to men of sense; clever people turn everything to account.

Not to honor old age is to destroy in the morning the house where you must sleep at night.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

Never seal a letter of introduction. The bearer ought to know on what terms to approach a stranger.

Never make introductions unless you have good reason to believe that both parties are agreeable.

To know you know that which you know, and to know you do not know what you do not know, is wisdom.

If one has faith it will make itself evident. Faith gives courage to work in such a way as to succeed.

Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best; and he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, some one has said, what a heaven this world would be.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with the sunbeams—the more they are condensed the harder they burn.

How blessed might poor mortals be in the straightest circumstances, if only this fidelity to heaven and to one another were adequately great!

He that studies only men will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books will get the soul without the body.

Don't let the duties of to-day lie over to be fulfilled to-morrow. A life, like a business transaction, carried on on such principles will result in failure.

There are some men who imagine that wisdom must always be rude and forbidden, and who deem that what is beautiful is, of necessity, superficial.

Those who touch vermillion become red, and those who touch ink become black; and just so people take their character from good or bad companions.

Of itself, nothing is of any worth or importance. Man is no exception to the rule. He must be useful to others, or there is no occasion to count him.

Three-fourths of our complaints are the result of some form of exhaustion, requiring rest and good nursing far more than medicine. This should never be forgotten.

There are some minds which, like the vulture's eye, can pass heedlessly over the beauties of the verdant meadow, and spy only the carrion that lies rotting in the corner.

Experience ought to be a headlight which throws its ray on things to come; instead, it is generally a stern light which throws its rays on what we have already passed through.

Don't try to seek popularity. It would be better to avoid it, or, at least, its expression. Try to do your duty exactly, all the good you can, and let popularity take care of itself.

He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be more careful to insult nothing. Let him not be troubled by what seems absurd, but let him consecrate his energies to the creation of what is good.

Intelligence despises nothing; takes hold of all things; subverts all substances to its use; extracts wealth from the basest material, beauty from deformity, growth from decay, and life from death.

Don't be afraid of loving people too much, or of throwing away too much kindness. It is just such things the world stands in need of, and they have the great advantage of enriching the giver.

As Joab came with a kind salute to Abner, and thrust him under the fifth rib, while Abner thought of nothing but kindness, so sin comes smiling, comes pleasing, and humoring thee, while it giveth thee a deadly stab.

The sun uses its power of brightness to shine; the violet on the bank uses its power of fragrance to breathe it forth; and all things are using their powers up to their highest capacities. All but man; man alone is guilty of what may be called the great sin of unused power.

Can Sleep Without Anodynes.

"Since using Compound Oxygen my sleep is natural and good. My spirits are in a more healthy condition. I have no need of anodynes—have more actual strength than for years past." So writes a patient. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

There is a good deal of truth in the quaint conceit of an old writer, that "Beauty represents the Deity, and too often makes us forget it."

A Western debating society is nerving itself up to wrestle with the question: "When a woman and a mouse meet, which is the most frightened?"

"Crushed carrots" and "frightened mouse" are the newest shades. The young lady who discovered the latter tint mixed her colors while standing on the highest chair in the room.

Franklin says: One boy is a boy; two boys are half a boy, and three boys are no boy at all. It is different with girls. One girl is a girl; two girls are more than a girl, and three girls are an entire circus.

A French writer remarks, "If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

A lady advertises for sale one baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot. She states that being now married she has no further use for them, for the reason that their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

Sidney Smith's famous recipe against the blues, given to a fashionable woman: "Sit down and remember all the compliments ever paid you," he said. "No matter how foolish they are, it will console you."

Boston claims the only ladies gymnasium existing independently as such in the country. It is a large and fully-appointed establishment. The gymnastic costume is a blouse and Turkish trousers, with low-heeled elastic-soled shoes.

The Empress of Austria has set a fashion, already largely followed in Europe, of wearing the hair flowing over the shoulders. Our young school girls have for years worn their hair in this manner, nets having gone out of fashion.

"Here, hold my shawl!" said a St. Louis woman to her husband, when a misguided young man smoked in her face, in a street car. Then she knocked the cigar out of his mouth and then she knocked the young man himself down, and then she took the shawl again.

An eccentric minister was called upon to marry three couples at once. The parties were standing around promiscuously, waiting for the arrival of the minister; and when he came in he marched straight up to them and said, "Sort yourselves!"

We can all put up with a good deal of simpering nonsense from a pretty girl, but a homely damsel must deport herself with straight-laced decorum or she makes herself ridiculous. Perhaps it is unfair, but the world will have it so, and it stands, an inexorable law.

There is one enterprising negro woman in Mississippi. Her name is Fanny Crawford, and she has just made a contract with fifty Alabama negroes to work for her the coming season. During the past season she worked about three hundred hands on her farm, which she manages herself.

A young widow, in erecting a monument to the "dear departed," cleverly availed herself of the opportunity to inscribe upon the tomb, "Sacred to memory of Mathusin Benuchet, who departed this life aged 68 years, deeply regretting the necessity of parting from the most charming and best of women"—herself.

Alexander Stephens says he never married because he was "too proud" to ask a woman to nurse him. That need not have stood in the way, Alexander. Bless your soul, boy, you might have married some woman who would have let you die any time rather than wound your sensibilities by offering to take any care of you.

A prudent young man is asked by his friend: "Why have you taken lodgings on the ground floor—you who are always preaching that there is no air fit to be breathed to be had short of five stories up?" "I will tell you," he replied. "You see I have taken a solemn oath that unless Miss C. agrees to marry me, I will throw myself out of the window. See?"

Indiana women are caring for themselves, though some of them may be engaged in what may be considered unwomanly occupations. That State has 2,268 women engaged in farming, and fifty-two who are classed as barkeepers. There are 60 authors, and 552 women who keep boarding houses; 267 females sell books, and the other vocations accessible to women are well represented.

In Panihatti, Bengal, a woman's clothes ignited as she was lighting a fire. The flames could have been easily extinguished by persons in adjoining room if an alarm had been given. But the rules of caste would have been violated if the woman's shrieks had reached the ears of the adult members of the household, and so the woman stoically suffered herself to burn to death.

An old gentleman, whose daughter had failed to secure a position as teacher, in consequence of not passing an examination, said: "They asked her lots of things she didn't know. They asked her lots of things that happened before she was born. How was she going to know about them? Why, they asked her about George Washington and other men she never knew! That was a pretty sort of examination!"

Queen Caroline, of Saxony, is suffering from an illness which is attributed to a cause unusual in royal households. Her Majesty has a mania for cooking, in which she excels, especially in the preparation of fruit preserves. The crop of fruit was this year so abundant in Saxony that the Queen labored night and day in the composition of her jams and jellies, which she was of course, obliged to taste constantly. The consequent fatigue and indigestion brought on a serious illness.

Two brave young ladies, while alone one evening recently, were rehearsing how they would dispatch a burglar if one was suddenly to appear in the room. One of the heroines was armed with her brother's cavalry sword, and the other flourished a hatchet. In the midst of the rehearsal a "frightful monster" in the shape of a mouse ran across the floor, when one of the girls incontinently fainted, and the other smashed a $20 mirror in attempting to climb upon a bureau. As the mouse has not been seen since foul play is suspected.

News Notes.

Tokio, Japan, has two thousand pickpockets.

Paris produces more than 200 books and pamphlets a week.

Mississippi has four times as much pine timber as Minnesota.

Alligator teeth sell for $2 and $3 a pound in Georgia and Florida.

A firm in Fleming county, Ky., has killed 40,000 turkeys this season.

Divorces were granted in San Francisco, last year, at the rate of one a year.

Clergymen living along the Lehigh Valley, this State, can ride for half fare.

The average expense of one session of Congress exceeds three million dollars.

Among the 225 saints canonized by the Roman church there is only one lawyer.

The Pittsburg Grand Jury describes the city pawnbrokers' shops as a market for thieves.

Pat McGinnis drew his fortune of $3,000 from a Bridgeport bank, and spent it all in a week's spree.

Tramways are projected between many villages in Italy on the roads built by the old Romans.

In Wallack's new theatre ladies are not allowed to wear big hats. Masculine rights are looking up.

The youngest member of the House of Representatives is only twenty-six years old, the oldest is seventy.

Faro is played in New Albany, Ind., by a club whose members take an oath never to give testimony about it.

One-third of France is owned in large estates, one-third in estates of moderate size, and one-third by the peasants.

An Italian colony has been established near Gainsville, Fla., for the cultivation of oranges and lemons on a large scale.

Canadian-born residents of Boston have formed an association to work for the annexation of Canada to the United States.

A marriage license in Maryland costs the rather steep figure of $1.65, but the Senate has voted down a bill reducing the tariff.

The average winter temperature at the point where the Jeannette survivors landed on the coast of Siberia is 56° below zero.

The Indiana Secretary of State received an application from a Justice of the Peace who wanted an appointment as "notar republis."

A religious revival is so attractive at Madison, Ohio, that all the stores and factories are closed during the afternoon, while the employes go to meeting.

At some of the English hotels where fruit is served at dinner, pears are cut in slices, the understanding being that each guest may take just one piece.

It is all humbug about tramps being lazy and not willing to exert themselves. One of them, near Marshal, Texas, chased a farmer over a mile with a club.

A colored preacher and three of his congregation are under arrest in Montgomery county, Md., charged with tearing down and hauling away their meeting-house.

A good old lady of Plymouth, Mass., collected money for the benefit of a poor family, and bought groceries, with them. The family are now suing her for the cash.

Celluloid is now being used in the manufacture of artificial eyes. The material is lighter than glass, and its non-friable quality renders it far more trustworthy in emergencies.

The mean man of the familiar saying has materialized in Indiana. Wm. Dawson, of the town of Eugene, in that State, was caught stealing the pennies from a dead man's eyes.

An ingenious rogue, whose time must have been of little value to him, has succeeded in splitting a dollar bill and passing one side of it on a firm in Colorado Springs, Neb.

Fifty leather straps, each a foot long, two inches wide, and very thin, have been purchased by the Port Huron (Mich.) Board of Education for use in punishing pupils in the schools.

A man appeared in a San Francisco court the other day with a motion to quash the proceedings whereby an executor had been appointed over his estate. He denied that he was dead.

The war footing of the German army has been established by the budget of 1882 at 500,000 men. In the event of war the number could be doubled at twenty-four hours' notice by telegraph.

A rail-splitter in Almance county, Va., found twenty pieces of gold in a log which he was splitting the other day. The treasure was concealed in an augur hole, and the tree had grown over it.

Dr. Watts, the hymn writer, made the longest visit on record. In 1712 he became an inmate of the family of Sir Thomas Abney, and remained there as a guest during his life—a period of thirty-six years.

The Liverpool *Mercury* says the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days, simply by using cream of tartar dissolved in hot water, and drank occasionally when cold. It has had many friends so cured without a mark.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under the medical treatment of six of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
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and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR.

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 pk'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cents.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.

It is not certain that thine age will grow
To sadness with the lapse of youthful years.
There are whose harvest-time of plenteous tears
Is in the spring; and as the decades flow,
And autumn clusters whiten into snow,
The heart laughter, and the earth appears
Bright with the radiance of spiritual spheres
And joys of honorable descent from woe;
And Heaven and earth unite in golden calm
And order by the spirit's open door,
And waken many a low-breathing psalm
Untaught by man, and therefore prized the more,
And fill the air around with summer balm,
And ripen precious fruits on branches hoar.

—J. C. E.

Orna Holme.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

"WHAT do you think is Tennyson's most beautiful sentiment, Miss Holme?" Philip Carrick inquires.

"Ask me what is the truest; perhaps I could answer," is the reply.

"Well, what is the truest, then?"

"'A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.'"

Philip Carrick is surprised.

Orna Holme is a bright, saucy brunette, small and delicate.

Philip looks at her in wonder.

Her eyes are dark with grief, passion, regret.

What is it?

They are in a boat; the weather is perfect.

Philip thinks he would be perfectly happy if he knew that this girl cared one iota for him.

Presently he remarks, reading her name in the volume of "Tennyson" lying on the seat close by him:

"'Orna'—what a pretty name!"

"Do you think so?" she asks. "It has always worried me, fearing people would think it an abbreviation for 'Ornament.'"

They are floating along in shallow water near the shore, and Miss Holmes reaches out and gathers the lily leaves that lie all around them; it is too late in the season for flowers.

It is an entirely new experience for Philip Carrick.

Hitherto he has been sought after, flattered, and made much of by the belles of society; but here, in this little Essex village, he has met a lady who is utterly indifferent to him, and, man-like, having found a woman who does not care for him, he proceeds straightway to fall in love with her.

He has not known Miss Holme long, and of her family and past history he knows nothing.

He has come to this little village, intending to make it his headquarters while he spends a few weeks in hunting and fishing.

He has engaged rooms at a private house, house, and has there met Orna Holme.

She teaches a little country school a mile from her lodging.

So they have been together more or less for some time; but Orna's vacation is drawing to a close, and this golden September day is one of the last which they can have all to themselves.

"It is nearly tea-time, Mr. Carrick," she said. "Shall we return?"

"I think I should like to drift this way for ever," he says.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" she returns. "There is a dam two miles below here, and, if you undertook to drift for ever as we are drifting now, you might drift into eternity."

Philip is too provoked to reply.

Miss Holme either takes his words too literally, or twists them into something he does not mean; she seems determined not to understand, and he rows back almost in silence.

"I am going to town to-morrow," he says to his hostess, Mrs. Dean; "a party of my friends write me from a little place called Nauseau, in Italy, to join them there and go to Lake Como."

"We shall miss you," Mrs. Dean replies.

He glances across to Miss Holme; she is spreading jelly on bread for a young Dean, and for aught he can tell has not heard a word.

Later in the evening they are sitting with others in the parlor.

Miss Holme, rising, says:

"Good-night, Mr. Carrick; as you go early in the morning, I shall not see you again."

There are people looking on; he had meant to have had a different parting, but she has willed otherwise; he holds her hand an instant in his, says, "Good-bye," the words half-choking him, and she is gone.

A week later she is back in her old place, teaching a score of yellow-haired children; she is more lonely than ever, more bitter than ever; she has not done right, she is not doing right; how can she be happy?

* * * * * *

Alfred Crosby and Philip Carrick are sitting by the lake.

Alfred and Philip are old friends.

Alfred breaks the silence by remarking:

"It strikes me, Phil, that this trip has not benefitted you; you are pale and thin; you look as if you had the dyspepsia, or were in love. Honor bright, old fellow, did you fall in love while out of my sight?"

"Suppose I did, what then?" inquired Philip.

"But who on earth could you have met here to captivate you? Was it a daughter of that noble gypsy, or a Norwegian girl? They are about all the women I've seen since I started on this trip."

"Oh, quit your nonsense," replies Philip, "I stayed a month at Stony Point before coming here, if you choose to remember."

"But, my dear boy, there was nobody there."

"On the contrary, there were many nice people there, among them a Miss Holme, who was exceptionally 'nice.'"

"Oh, the mischief!" springing to his feet. "What does she look like? Describe her?"

Mr. Carrick wonders if anyone can do that adequately, but he says:

"She is slender and petite, has the smallest hands I ever saw, great gray eyes, chestnut hair, and the coldest haughtiest manner I ever observed. She is certainly out of her element; she is teaching a country school."

"Well," remarks Alfred, "did she wear any jewelry—anything very noticeable, I mean?"

"She always wears a blue enamelled watch set with diamonds, "I noticed it because country school-teachers don't generally possess watches of the kind."

"I should think not!" returns Alf. "Well, my boy, I am convinced that she is Baron Payne's niece, and heiress to all his property. He lives at St. Bride's; when I was there last winter she was a great belle. She took immensely, just because she was so indifferent to everybody. The Baron has a nephew who is a gambler and everything else that's bad; he paid assiduous court to Miss Holme, and met with no success. He wanted the girl's money—she has plenty in her own right—and Orna hated him. Finally one night he proposed; she rejected him scornfully.

"She is younger than she looks, educated in a convent in France, and not very well versed in the ways of the world. The scoundrel, furious at having failed, turned on her, told her she was a pauper, that she had no claim to Baron Payne's bounty, being only a waif he had cared for, and there is no knowing what else he may have said. She must have been nearly distracted. Keenly sensitive and terribly proud, strangely enough she never stopped to question what he told her, but, taking a few things that were her own, among them the watch, which had been her mother's, she left the house that night, leaving a note to the effect that she would not trespass any longer on the Baron's bounty.

"The Baron was frantic. He confronted his nephew the next morning, and he owned up to enough to make the old man forbid his ever entering the house again. Search for Miss Holme has been fruitless. It is marvellous that you, of all people, should have found her out and fallen in love."

"I didn't say I had fallen in love," said Philip, testily.

"No, but your appearance indicates that fact. I shall telegraph her uncle as soon as we reach civilization; the old Baron will be overjoyed."

* * * * * *

It has been a hot day, uncommonly so for late September, and Orna Holme, trudging along the dusty road homeward, feels weary and heart-sick.

Teaching country children is hardly a congenial occupation for a girl brought up as an heiress, and this day had been an unusually wearisome one.

Mrs. Dean meets her at the door.

"There is a gentleman in the sitting-room waiting for you," that lady says.

Orna, her heart fluttering strangely with the hope that it may be Philip Carrick, enters the room, and confronts her uncle.

"Uncle! Oh, uncle!"

She is clasped in his arms, and a torrent of tears keep back all further words.

Having grown calmer, the Baron tells her how Alfred Crosby had telegraphed of her whereabouts, and how he had travelled night and day to reach her.

"Why did you do this?" he says, reproachfully. "Could you not have trusted me, and rested in my love?"

"But he told me that you had said to him in the presence of others that I was not your niece, and that when I was married your duty towards me would be discharged."

Little by little the Baron convinces the high-tempered, foolish girl how wrong she had been, what danger she might have fallen into by her romantic escapade; and when, the next day, having procured a substitute to teach the tow-headed children, he starts home with her, it is a very penitent as well as happy little lady who sits beside him.

They both wonder how Alfred Crosby traced her, but it is not till long afterwards that they learn.

Philip Carrick means to forget the girl who has treated his love so coldly, but to resolve is one thing, and to forget another.

He devotes himself to his profession, but hard work produces weariness, not forgetfulness.

And Orna—her heart fails her when she remembers her systematic coldness towards one to whom she finds she had given her love, without any premeditation on her part.

Society welcomes her back with open arms, and open siege is made for the capture of her heart.

One day a letter is brought to her, and she hesitates before opening the thick, creamy envelope.

Having done so, she reads:—

"DEAR MISS HOLME,—Perhaps it is not wise for me to write you this letter. But what does it matter? Why should I try to conceal that which you already know? I love you. I learned the lesson in those beautiful days I spent in your society at Stony Point, and the lesson is one I shall never forget. I have tried hard to forget you, for you never gave me the least encouragement; but, my darling, if you will let me try to win your love, with the hope that some day I may be successful, I shall be perfectly happy, for life holds for me no greater blessing than the hope of some day making you my wife. May I come to you? If I see you sometimes I will be patient, and wait until you are willing to hear all that I would say. I shall count the hours until your answer reaches me, and, my love, if you can truthfully give me a little word of hope, will you not do so?

"PHILIP CARRICK."

Orna shed happy tears over this letter: she thought he had forgotten her, and had been teaching herself to give him up, knowing that it is her own fault that she has lost his love.

Had she been less bitter and cold he would have spoken before he parted.

His letter is like a cup of water held to thirsty lips.

Fearful of betraying how much she cares for him she writes briefly:—

"You may come. I could not forget you.

"ORNA."

Two days late, Miss Holme goes down to the drawing-room to meet Mr. Carrick.

He said in his letter that he would be patient, and he has waited too long already.

Perhaps something in the sweet face as she gives him her hand tells him that he need wait no longer, for he looks down into her eyes, and says gravely, without preface:

"Will you be my wife?"

And at last she yields, a prisoner of love.

MUSICAL FISHES.—Of "screaming" fishes we have the following curious notice. The writer states: In the early part of December I called upon a Quaker gentleman at Darlington, England, for whom I waited in a room in which stood a small aquarium containing, along with the usual allotment of sea anemones, star-fishes, etc., five fishes not larger than minnows—a species of blennies, as I was informed. After watching their motions for a few minutes as they floated near the surface of the water, I stooped down to examine them more nearly, when, to my utter amazement, they simultaneously set up a shriek of terror, so loud and piercing that I sprung back as if electrified. I think a human being could hardly have set up a louder or a shriller scream than did these tiny inhabitants of the water."

Tennant, in his account of Ceylon, relates: "In the evening, when the moon had risen, I took a boat and the fisherman rowed to a spot where musical sounds were said to be heard issuing from the bottom of a lake, and which the natives supposed to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the deepest bass, evidently and sensibly from the depths of the lake, and appeared to be produced by molluscs, and not by fish."

The alose fish has been noticed for its love of music and dancing by ancient writers. Aristotle says that it no sooner catches the sound of music or sees dancing, than it is irresistibly led to join the sport, and cut capers and throw summersaults out of the water. Ælian declares that the sprightly conduct that the sprightly conduct imputed to the shad by Aristotle was well-known to fishermen, who, taking advantage of it, fastened little bells to their nets, by the tinkling of which above the surface the fish within hearing were attracted to the spot and netted without difficulty.

THE STOCKING CLUB.—In the year 1,400, Venice was kept in a state of whirling festivity by a band of young men, who gave themselves the above title, from a colored badge they wore on their stocking. So successful were these young men in arranging ceremonies that the Stocking company rapidly grew into an institution; not only Venetians but also worthy foreigners entered the ranks of gayety, and subsequently ladies too, who wore the badge on one of their long flowing sleeves. The companions divided themselves into numerous groups, the Immortals, the Eternals, the Powerful, etc., each with their own especial dress, and, as behooved the leaders of fashionable Venice, they wore garments of surpassing beauty. At their reunions the sight was dazzling; they wore jackets of velvet embroidered with gold; they had bushy cuffs of lace appearing from beneath their sleeves; over their shoulders was cast a mantle of golden cloth, of damask, or of crimson velvet; on their heads they wore black or scarlet caps ornamented at the peak with a rich jewel, which hung down over their right ear; their hair was long and flowing, or else plaited with silken threads; on their legs were the tight-fitting stockings of the order, while their pointed shoe was another excuse for the display of diamonds. The brethren of the Stocking were the embodiment of all that was rich and glorious in ancient Venice. No private feast, no nuptial ceremony, no public or ducal reception was conducted without their assistance; ever ready were they to disperse themselves through the city to organize festivity.

IT SHOULD be the business of every one having a cold to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

Humorous.

The dog for a surgeon—A setter.

Turning points in life—Street corners.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villin'.

Man wants but little here below—and he gets it.

Motto of a man who doesn't pay his debts—Never give up.

The potato is a susceptible vegetable. It is constantly getting "mashed."

Pearly teeth and diamond eyes are delightful, but a ruby nose is dreadful.

This city has an artist named Sword. When eight years old he was only a little howie.

There are no pumps where the cocoanut grows, which perhaps accounts for the milk in it.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and it's a mighty good thing to use when the fellow is bigger than you.

People who attempt to cut boarding house pie with a fork should remember that time thrown away cannot be recalled.

A little boy remarked, "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to the sugar."

The "oldest inhabitant" is generally a man; not because he is given to lying, but because he commenced owning up to his age sooner.

Definition of a baby: "It is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One lung takes a rest while the other runs the shop. One of them is on deck all the time."

"Were I to be candied, I would say you were just about the nicest fellow I ever met," she said, while leaning on his arm in front of a confectioner's. He bought the taffy.

The wife of a physician is convicted of having poisoned her husband. Among other questions the court asks her, "Why, madam, did you use arsenic instead of any other poison?" "Ah!" she said, in a touching voice, "it is the poison that he preferred."

Not a Figurehead.

While in Boston recently a representative of this paper went out to Lynn, for the special purpose of seeing if there was such a person living as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, whose genial face adorns the otherwise tame advertising columns of over six thousand newspapers in the United States. Driving out to No. 233 Western Avenue, a bright, pleasant home was reached, where, sure enough, was found the veritable Lydia E., looking possibly a trifle thinner than the picture represents, but nevertheless a hale, hearty and sympathetic woman, who has done a great deal for her sex. She religiously devotes her entire time to the personal correspondence with ladies all over the world, who come to her with their troubles, as to an own mother, and she is happiest when immersed in the great care and labor which an average of over one hundred letters per day necessarily bring. Two lady clerks assist in writing at her dictation. Her son Chas. H., attends to the manufacturing department, which is in a large factory near the house. Her medicines have had a wonderful sale.—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

FLORENCE Oil-Stove and Heater.

No Smoke. No Smell. Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE. Send for circular and Price-List. S. J. & W. S. SMITH, S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Phila.

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1874.

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1500 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1883, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

CHOICE SEEDS! BEST OFFER YET

For nine 3c. postage stamps I will send for trial 11 papers Choicest Seeds, growth of 1881, 50 to 200 seeds in each paper: Large fl. Pansy (18 varieties), Verbena (from 100 kinds), Double and Quilled Asters (15 colors) Large Double Everlasting (6 colors), New Golden Striped Double Portulaca, China and Japan Pinks (11 varieties), New Feathered Celosia, Whitlavia, Double Pompon Aster (12 colors) Ageratum, New Spiral Mignonette, and my new ill. seed catalogue. L. W. Goodell, Amherst, Mass.

LADIES ONLY think, we will send 1 dozen elegant Fringed Table Napkins; 1 Autograph Album 100 Album Verses; 5 Papers Assorted Needles; 1 Sporte Purse; and large Illustrated Family Story Paper three months, postpaid to any one who will cut this out and return to us with 44 cents; this appears but once. MISCELLANY PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.

Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, for linen marking, etc., with indelible ink and pad $1.00. Rubber name stamp 50 cents. Send for circulars of "Patent Post Office Marker" Stamps. J. Goldsborough, 730 Chestnut St., Phila.

50 SUPERB Chromos, Rich and Rare designs, with name 10 cents. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

Facetiæ.

It is not what you see that makes you popular among your friends: it is what you don't tell.

Love without money has been cynically compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

There are not many men in the world who are as lazy as the dog who leaned his head against a wall whenever he barked.

"There's always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.

The clam has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than a human being, yet a clam never talks about its neighbor.

"I go against my Will," murmured she sweetly, as she fondly leaned on William's arm, as they wandered to the theatre.

Turn and turn about—"No, I shall leave my wife nothing," said old Cribbs; "she's always had her will, and now I'll have mine."

Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts.

A philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber shop cannot be counterfeited.

"Why do Indians get drunk?" asks a contemporary. Because they drink more whisky than they are gauged for. Ask us a hard one.

Young clergyman (at a clerical meeting): "I merely throw out the idea." Old clergyman: "I think that is the best thing you can do with it."

What this beloved land needs is a class of reformers who don't have to stop every fifteen minutes and explain a little crookedness in their own records.

Kidney Diseases.

Kidney Diseases afflict the greater part of the human race, and they are constantly on the increase, but where the virtues of Kidney-Wort have become known they are held in check and speedily cured. Let those who have had to constantly dose spirits of nitre and such stuff, give this great remedy a trial and be cured. In the dry form it is the most economical, in the liquid the most convenient.—Phila. Press.

Always help those who are able to help themselves. Lightning can reach the earth without any assistance, and yet men put up rods for it to slide down on.

Nature asks: "Are men's heads growing smaller?" If the men haven't taken anything but seltzer since they awoke the swelling is probably being reduced.

Sublimely Superb.

A pair of beautiful Sun-flowers on Easels will be mailed free to any lady who will send a three-cent postage stamp to Dr. C. W. Benson, 118 No. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.

The New York authorities are very careful of their police force. They never put two officers on the same beat, because it is said to be unhealthy for two persons to sleep together.

There is many a man in this world who, if thrown upon his own base for a living, would always remain there, unless he happened to strike a tack with its little finger pointing upward.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send to her for pamphlets.

A somnambulistic dry-goods merchant out West, recently rose from his couch, neatly cut the bed-quilt in two with his pocket-scissors, and then asked his terrified wife if he couldn't show her something else.

At a recent meeting of a society in New York, composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: "Mr. Prisident, I move that we whitewash the cellin' green, in honor of the auld flag."

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken the Hop Bitters, and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial. Mrs. J. W. Tuller,
Sec. Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a single tablespoonful of the famous perfume, and you can get enough perfume out of an onion to drive a dog on the gallop out of a slaughter-house. And yet we admire the rose more than we do the onion.

Eatables are frequently named after illustrious individuals, and fruits after their discoverers; as, for instance, Washington pies, Bartlett pears, Baldwin apples, etc., and it is no uncommon occurrence at the present day for a person to walk into a restaurant and ask for "Plato beans."

How to Get Well.

Thousands of people are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole mass. Hundreds testify to this.—Pittsburgh Post.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☜

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

A remedy with such a reputation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters deserves a fair trial. If you are dyspeptic, your malady will eventually yield to it; if you are feeble, lack flesh, and feel despondent, it will both build and cheer you up; if you are constipated, it will relieve; and if bilious, healthfully stimulate your liver. Don't despond, but make this effort in the right direction.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

REWARDS $500, $250, $125, $75 and $50—$1000

To any five persons who will send the most words made from the letters of the word "**ORPHANISM**" according to the rules and regulations to be found in our beautiful *ORIENTAL CASKET* (*for sale by all Newsdealers*) edited by the popular novelist, EMERSON BENNETT, and published by L. LUM SMITH, Box No. E. 12, Phila., Pa.

Good Men Wanted everywhere capable of earning $5 to $10 per day selling our new braided **Silver Mould White Wire Clothes Line**, warranted a last a lifetime. Please at sight. Sells readily at almost every house. Agents continually reporting grand success. Counties reserved. *Interesting catalogue free.* Address **GIRARD WIRE MILLS**, Philadelphia.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 5c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c. in fancy case 10c. Samples 2c. Enquire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

In the course of his practice discovered what now are renowned in medical practice—viz., a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a *sure cure* for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and will cure any case. The Doctor's great remedy for Skin Disease, called "Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, is exceedingly valuable, and greatly sought after by all persons who have skin diseases or bad complexion. An excellent toilet dressing.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton Street, New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

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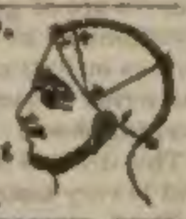

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

KIDNEY WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the SUREST CURE ever discovered for all

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

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SICK FOLKS

Folks should send a three cent stamp for a free book of nearly 100 large octavo pages, full of valuable notes by Dr. E. B. Foote, the author of

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FREE BOOK

on Scrofula, Diseases of Men and Women, and all chronic ailments, with the evidences of their curability. Address Murray Hill Pub. Co., Box 108, New York City.

Grind your own Bone Meal and Oyster Shells in the **$5.00 HAND MILL** (Frank Wilson's Pat.) Ill. Circular and testimonials furnished on application. A peck in 15 minutes. Address WILSON BROS., Sole Manufacturers, Easton, Pa.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Can be sent by mail.

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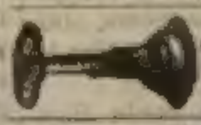
OPIUM

And Morphine Habit, can be cured in from 10 to 30 days—no pay till cured. Established 10 years, 1,000 cured. Refer to patients in all parts of the country. Dr. F. E. Marsh, Box 176, Quincy, Mich.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. By sending 25c money, or 50c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 64, Fultonville, N. Y.



Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE Co., Cincinnati, O.

Diary Free For 1882, with improved Interest Table, Calculator, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three-Cent Stamps. Address, CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave. Phila.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged best yet sold. A Sham of Samples 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 128 pages mailed for only 10 cents, by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME (Day or Evening) in your own locality. Profitable to all of either sex. Particulars free. Address, with 3c stamp, Box 3,192, Boston, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

300 Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, neatly bound; 250 spicy Motto Verses and 25 Popular Songs, all for 25 cents, postpaid. PATTEN & WADE, 49 Barclay Street, N. Y.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE contrast between morning toilettes and evening toilettes has never been more noticeable than at present: no simplicity is too severe for the dresses of English cloth worn in the morning, and no fabric or style is rich and elaborate for evening toilette.

Between these two extremes we find, however, a connecting link in the visiting costume, which is frequently simple in style; but made of the most costly materials.

Short skirts continue to be very generally worn, especially by young ladies, but many prefer their visiting costumes to be made with demi-trains, or rastorre skirts.

For dressy evening toilette the long train is almost universally adopted, few ladies are willing to renounce the decided advantages of its graceful lines and rich folds. A well-mounted train gives a grace and dignity which it is out of the poor power of a short or demi-trained skirt to impart. The long train is almost invariably made of thicker material than the rest of the skirt for instance, with a skirt of satin the train is of moire; with a skirt of satin surah sicilienne.

If the dress is of faille the train is of embossed velvet on a satin ground, the same shade as the faille but a little darker, with the velvet design in black, ruby, seal-brown or navy-blue.

The corsage is of the same material as the train, or it may match the skirt with a plastron and other ornaments of the same fabric as the train.

Many short skirts are of plush, with a crenelated edge over a puffed ruche of shaded taffetas, faille, or satin surah; or the crenelaine en riviere. Kilted cloth skirts cannot be trimmed at the edge, but the difficulty is surmounted by having an underskirt of silk, edged with two pleatings. All the short satin skirts are trimmed at the edge with pleatings, or otherwise, as in the following dress: a dark-green satin skirt, trimmed at the edge with nine tabs of faille, placed at equal distances as far as the train; they are kept in place by a handsome ornament of silk and steel beads, the space between the tabs being occupied by three pleatings, each only an inch and a half wide headed by a bouillonne still narrower; above this very stylish skirt is draped a green plush tunic; the corsage is very plain and of green satin, high at the neck, with a handsome pointed ornament back and front worked in silk and steel beads.

Black plush dresses with skirts of faille or sicilienne are worn now for deep mourning, when the firs sombre woolen vetements trimmed with crape are laid aside.

The introduction of paniers has gone a step further towards farthingales; the black drapery is arranged no longer at the hips but above, in enormous loops or bows, and if this puffed drapery is lacking the place is filled by very large sash bows.

Some dresses are, however, made in a severe style, nearly free from puffs and loops; they are mostly of velvet and cut to flow in long, straight lines, Princess shape behind, but in the form of a pointed corsage in front.

Handsome black silk guipure has come again into fashion, not as flounces, but to circle trains, with gauged satin headings; this is not yet generally adopted, but the use of this kind of lace has been revived, mixed with jet and fringe of frayed silk and twisted cords.

For evening dress white satin surah will be very fashionable, or pale mauve, Oriental blue, pale pink, or tea-rose color, as they light up well, and winter colors are chosen to look well by gas-light, not like those for summer toilettes, which are seen in sunlight, hence heliotrope, torquoise blue, and yellow are laid aside for the winter.

For half-mourning, redingotes and polonaises are made Xaima plush, which has a black background with steel stripes vandyked with sharp points; these very stylish costumes, fit for young girls and young married ladies, are generally trimmed with black and steel-grey chenille, and fastened with steel-colored brandenburgs.

Broche materials are very fashionable, in small regular designs or arabesques, either in many colors, or with satin and velvet designs in a dark shade on a pale-colored background.

Moire also holds a very important place, and is used for superb dresses, of which the following may be taken as a specimen. A skirt of rich violet moire, pleated in large box pleats; a tunic, gauged in the centre of the front and hanging in two graceful scarf ends, of Indian cashmere; a panier scarf of moire, draped in large loops on the back point of the corsage, and falling in long straight ends to the edge of the skirt. The corsage is also of moire, open over a gauged plastron of surah, which is free in the chest to form a chemisette, but is ganged again round the neck; on the corsage, edging this chemisette, are very large metal buttons, similar buttons trimming the cuffs.

The hat to accompany this rich and very elegant walking dress is of plain violet velvet, the brim being of pleated plush, and a plume of handsome old gold feather tips covering the crown in front.

Dresses of quite opposite types are worn, and the same lady will wear short skirts and long trains, gauged dresses made almost in a childish fashion, and tight-fitting Valois cuirasses, fitting each curve of the body; some dresses are covered with trimming, while others of plush and satin, or of black satin brocbe or ciselé velvet are made quite plain, with as little ornament as possible. The following is an example of this last style; a straight Princess dress edged with a large ruche of surah, the dress itself being of velvet, beneath which is a double pleating of ribbon and lace.

The edge of the corsage is simulated by a scarf of jade satin edged with coquille Russian lace, which starts from the point of the plastron, where it is drawn together with a handsome antique silver buckle holding a long bow of jade moire ribbon with seven loops, and is secured beneath the back drapery which extends into a long train edged with a coquille of Russian lace.

A reception dress of blue gros-grain is beautifully embroidered with roses and leaves worked in rose-colored and green silks; the skirt is vandyked over a double pleating matching the silks, and is richly embroidered all over as far as the tunic, which is gracefully looped up on the left side with a large bow of moire.

The corsage has long basques embroidered all round, the same embroidery continuing up the fronts; the wide round collar and cuffs, both, like the basques and skirt, with vandyked edges, are covered with embroidery.

Another moire ribbon bow and buckle is placed at the height of the knees, and forms the only ornament on the tablier, but the train is most graceful, a large bow with four loops hiding the commencement of the lace coquilles; the pointed plastron is beautifully embroidered with green and jade silks, and brown and steel beads, and the elbow sleeves are of ganged satin edged with two bouillonnes, to which can be fastened by strings or buttons velvet sleeves reaching the wrist, or lace sleeves, black or white, for evening wear.

This dress is intended for a lady of forty, and is very tasteful and elegant.

The basque or corsages are made in various ways; some have long points back and front, others have a long Valois point in front and coattails behind with a bow.

The edge of the basques is usually only bound with braid or point lace turned back, falling or edging lace having quite gone out for this purpose; an exception has been made, however, for the toilettes of young girls between thirteen and seventeen, for whom the basques of dresses for walking purposes are edged with a ruche, the tablier being edged in the same manner; these dresses are generally of woolen materials.

Evening toilettes for young ladies are frequently the subject of not a little anxiety and a few words on the novelties in this direction will be useful at this season; the very fashionable dress of white or cream surah cannot be used for all purposes, and should be reserved for occasions when dancing is the principal attraction. For other evening purposes French cashmere in pale, delicate tints, trimmed with bands of English embroidery, worked in colored silks, is best. The following colors are fashionable. Oriental or turquoise-blue with a flounce embroidered with navy-blue, steel-grey, or shaded Havannah (the navy-blue is considered the youngest and most tasteful); or mastic cashmere embroidered with ruby brown silk. The dresses are always made with scarf paniers, either of embroidered cashmere or of plush matching the embroidery of the flounce, and the arrangement of this scarf is the distinguishing feature of the toilette; either it is turned back in a fan on the hips, or falls freely, following the lines of the figure, the latter being more suitable to the age of the wearers; but at the same time, in dressing a young girl for her first appearance, care should be taken that the toilette, though simple, should not be too naive or like that of a school-girl.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

THERE is generally a great deal of truth in old proverbs, and the one that says that "it requires a good cook to cook a steak and boil a potato," is no exception to the rule.

The various methods of cooking potatoes are almost infinite, but I do not think I am guilty of exaggeration in saying that by far the most difficult method of all is to boil a potato properly. At the present season of the year, roast beef, red and juicy, has special claims upon us all; and what would our sirloin be without its constant companion, the white, floury potato, white as snow, firm, and yet one that crumbles to pieces when touched even lightly with a fork.

Comparisons are, as a rule, best avoided; but the French have so much in their favor in everything that relates to cookery, that we may for one moment contrast the filet de boeuf aux pommes de terre frites, with the old-fashioned steak and floury potato. Both are good, and I will try and give both their due.

First the French filet. Beautifully tender, but then there is a suspicion that some of the goodness, and even flavor, has been knocked out of it, still for tender teeth this is undoubtedly a great point in its favor. On the top is a small pat of half-melted butter, like rich cream, to which some chopped parsley has been added, and which gives a sort of finish to the dish, while round the fillet repose those light brown slices of potato, which require so much caution in eating, owing to the cook having mastered the art of frying—viz, heating the fat far above the temperature of boiling water. It is a dish by no means to be despised, and after a long journey abroad is the safest one to order.

Now for our own steak. Cooked to a turn on a gridiron, and placed on a plate scorching hot. The steak colored outside like a freshly-polished old dark mahogany table. Attached to the steak is a rim of rich yellow fat, at least an inch and a half thick, just slightly browned here and there; a streak of bright, clear, red gravy runs out upon the plate, soon to be absorbed by the floury potatoes that complete the picture; and if the steak be tender, and a deep red when cut—not blue—and the appetite good, no better meal can be found, however far we may travel from home.

Is it possible to describe how to get a potato into this state of perfection? I admit it is a very difficult thing to do, the more so as potatoes now undoubtedly are not what they were many years ago.

First, then, allow about boiling the potatoes in their jackets? If you consult cookery books on this subject you will be overwhelmed with arguments, medical and scientific, and which seem also common-sense arguments. The latter, by-the-by, does not always follow from the former. I believe that potatoes are best cooked in their skins. I cannot recommend the method on the ground of appearance.

Old potatoes should be put into cold water and new potatoes into boiling water; and just as it is impossible to say at what precise moment a potato ceases to be new and becomes old, so it is equally impossible to say what temperature the water should be between these two extremes for potatoes that are neither new nor old.

It is impossible to give an exact receipt for boiling potatoes, as time and temperature vary with the size and age. It is, however, quite possible to explain the "principals," on which boiling depends. Cooks too often fail because they treat all potatoes alike, whereas if they knew the reason why they do what they do, they would then understand how to vary their method according to circumstances.

First let us take ordinary large potatoes—though, remember, it does not follow that the very large ones are the best. First, in peeling them it is obvious that on economic grounds the peel should be cut as thin as possible—besides which, one argument in favor of cooking potatoes in their jackets is that the part nearest the peel contains the greatest nourishment.

Next after peeling, the eyes, i. e. those black spots, must be cut out with as little waste as possible. Directly the potatoes are peeled they should be thrown into cold water till they are wanted.

Next the potatoes should be placed in a saucepan with enough cold water to cover them, to which has been added salt in the proportion of about a dessert-spoonful to a quart. Now the reason why little new potatoes should be thrown into boiling water, and large ones into cold, is that the larger they are the more slowly should they be boiled. Were you to throw large potatoes into boiling water and to continue boiling, the result would be that the outside part of the potato would melt while the inside would be quite hard. When you throw the potatoes into cold water and set the saucepan on the fire, the water, of course, warms gradually, and the potatoes get hot through equally gradually. When the water comes to the boil, they should be allowed to boil gently till the potato is tender right through, and this is found out by sticking them with a fork.

I think that the secret of cooking potatoes properly is to pour off the water directly, are tender to the centre, and never to let them boil beyond. The moment therefore that you find the fork goes through easily, take the saucepan off the fire, pour off the water, and place the saucepan by the side of the fire, where the heat is slack; leave the lid half on and place a cloth lightly over the potatoes, under the lid, to absorb the steam. Now and then give the saucepan a shake, a little quick shake; this prevents the potatoes sticking, and also helps to increase the floury appearance.

Very large potatoes take nearly half an hour after the water comes to the boiling point; but to carry out the principle, suppose the potatoes are unusually large, then as soon as the water boils throw in some more cold water, say a large cupful, so as to prolong the period in which the potatoes are getting hot through. This is, however, rarely necessary in the present day, as the giants are now seldom to be met with.

Correspondence.

D. J. S., (Smith, Tenn.)—Yes. They will do what is right.

ORA, (Memphis, Tenn.)—The Spanish word for "love" is "amor."

SUN, (Texas.)—When there is more than one pair it is correct to say "pairs," of course.

C. B., (Erskine, Kans.)—Los Angeles is pronounced "loce An-jeh-les," the accent on "an."

S. E. N., (Cortland, N. Y.)—1. The paper is in every way reliable. 2. Yes. We have no need of anything of the kind at present.

G. E. B., (Deadwood, D. T.)—The firm is responsible. Perhaps your letter went astray. Write again. If you receive no answer, let us know.

W. E. H., (Indiana.)—1. We think they are worth what is asked for them. The firm is good. 2. We cannot say. The house is reliable and old established.

M. G., (Pontotoc, Miss.)—We are just now not in need of anything of the kind. Your best plan would be to get the addresses of some dealers in paintings in New Orleans, and communicate with them.

CITIZEN, (Long Branch, N. J.)—No, he cannot. If he takes up arms against a country, he violates the treaty, and can be held responsible, not only by England, but America also. Seditious speaking is prohibited, though not to the same extent as open or concealed warfare.

TYRO, (McPherson, Kans.)—There is a certain talent about the poem, but there is not enough to justify us in advising you to publish it; that is for the general public. If you wish it to circulate merely among your friends, you might very well print it. We could not use it under any circumstances. Were it one of the best in existence its length would be an obstacle. 3. You should be able to do it for between twenty-five and fifty dollars.

HOWELL, (Claremont, Pa.)—Your parents and friends understand the circumstances better than we do, but we think you are old enough to decide for yourself. Make sure the girl is all she should be: be certain that you really love her, consider your present circumstances fairly, and if all is satisfactory follow out your inclination. Try to marry with the approval of those who are nearest to you in blood, but if you cannot get it, do without. A man at twenty-five years of age should have discretion and a will of his own, if he ever is to have them.

E. A. W. A., (Adrian, Minn.)—You might try to preserve the grass as is, done, with autumn leaves. Let it be gathered when damp. Take a hot iron, rub a little white wax on the face, and rub this for a moment over the grass. Some kinds may be preserved by merely drying it. We do not know what you mean by painting it. 2. Washing does injure them. Rub them lightly with a rag, dry or slightly damped. 3. The process of restoration when faded should be trusted only to a skilful artist. We do not know, but think, that oiling, as it would gather dust, would only serve to make them duller. 4. This is answered in question second.

P. P., (Gaffney, S. C.)—We cannot tell you how to win the blonde's love, and if we could we would not. A man so reckless, not to say dishonorable as to make love to a girl and want to desert her for another whose face is perhaps prettier, and whom he has known for only a little while, is hardly worthy of a good woman's notice. Look into your conduct and ask yourself what you are doing. Put your own sister—if you have one—in the place of her you wish to desert, and see how you—and imagine how she—would like it. 2. He ought to dance with her himself—or see she is provided with as good a partner as possible—as often as he conveniently can. The escort's duty is, while not entirely ignoring others, to pay particular attention to his own lady. 3. It is right for the lady to take the gentleman's arm in promenading.

INVIE, (Larned, Kans.)—Do not meddle with your eyelashes, brows, or other of your features. Assuming them to be plain as you say they are, or even more so, they must look vastly better than they would dyed, or treated in some outrageous manner with a view to beautifying them. To use such arts to increase one's attractiveness is only lighting a candle to show worse defects of character than there are of body. 2. She should do nothing, for, as a lady, she can do nothing till he speaks. She should not at any time in his company, or out of it, be other than her natural self. To act a part is to pave the way to misery. Be yourself in all you do, and if he does not like you so, you must hope for better luck elsewhere. 3. What is called the Christian era began 1881 years ago. The year one was the first year of the first century. The 31st of December of the year 100 was the end of the first century. In the same way the 31st of December, 1800, was the end of the eighteenth century. The first of January 1801 began the nineteenth century.

STRAIN, (Liberty, Pa.)—1. There is plenty of time yet. For that matter, we think no young lady should have a "steady beau" before she is eighteen or even a year or so later. They will come in time, never fear. As to the "disgrace" there would be none in it if you were fifty. 2. You have acted just as a lady should. It is the place of the gentleman to make the advances. 3. There is an obligation in the matter. In questions of love the gentleman must speak first. 4. Yes. It is quite correct, and, in fact, the rule, to invite a gentleman to call. The necessity for this is sometimes avoided by the gentleman asking permission. Where he does not, however, the proper conditions existing, you may ask him. 5. Under the circumstances, no. But it would be a kind sisterly attention to help entertain and amuse the brother's company, granting there is need of it. 6. Simply how. 7. Yes. You being honored with the visit, it is your duty to entertain. 8. It depends on so many things that we cannot speak of an average.

B. B., (Shrewsbury, W. Va.)—1. You may ask a mutual friend for an introduction, but do not seem too anxious for it. A girl in matters of this kind must be very prudent indeed. 2. We cannot say. We try to judge of all by what they may be themselves, not by their parentage nor their birthplace. 3. It is a matter of taste. Some prefer one, some the other. There is not what may be called a general opinion on the subject. 4. Dangerous, very dangerous, indeed. That a girl should have to ask such a question shows that she needs someone to advise her strongly. 5. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. At the best there is at least an equal chance of its lasting. We have seen cases of love at first sight that only seemed to grow stronger with time. The question, however, can only be settled by one's own experience. It may be illustrated by the difference between fungi and mushrooms. If you eat them and live, they are probably mushrooms; if you die, they are perhaps the other. So with this kind of love. If it lasts, it speaks for itself; if it does not, it is equally conclusive the other way.